

93  
THE  
SCOTCH PARENTS:

OR, THE  
REMARKABLE CASE

OF

JOHN RAMBLE,

*M.<sup>r</sup> Carter son of a Statuary in Piccadilly*  
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

(in the month of February, 1773.)

Embellished with elegant Copperplates of the  
singular and uncommon Scenes contained in  
this Narrative.

~~~~~  
" Parents have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em—

" Nature pleads in vain—children must be wretched."

ROMEO and JULIETT.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by all the BOOKSELLERS in  
GREAT-BRITAIN and IRELAND.

M,DCC,LXXIII.

SCOTCH PAPERS:

*W. Musgrave.*

REMARKABLE CASE

OF



Embossed with elegant Copperplate of the  
British and Museum Seal contained in  
this Narrative.

— Parents frequently desire, to have an inscription—  
"Picture placed in vain—children must be watched."  
Roman and British.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by all the Booksellers in  
Great Britain and Ireland.  
MDCCLXXIII.



TO THE READERS.

*Thursday evening, May 4th, 1773.*

Last Sunday, the first printed copy of this book was given into the hands of Mrs. Macpherson, with the following note:

*Sunday evening, May 2, 1773.*

“ If Ramble is suffered to have Miss Macpherson for his lawful wife (or has a promise that as soon as possible she shall be his) within two days after the receipt of this, this book shall not be published; but, if his just request is passed unnoticed, then, without the least delay, the World shall be *convinced*, who is the most culpable——parents or children.”

I waited until this evening—No answer. Now, all my readers, friends or enemies give your judgments.

Now I may venture to affirm, I have done my utmost for my dear Eleanora Macpherson, and my own conscience it is clear.——Now, may God and man, act towards these Scotch parents, and myself, as we merit.

If they have done that which is right, may they prosper; and if I am guilty, let me perish. And now, with humble submission, I resign myself to what Heaven in its unbounded goodness shall decree.

Gentle readers, farewell.

JOHN RAMBLE.

# ERRATA.

Page 22, *for* which she returned, *read* ere she returned. Page 28, *for* humbly answered, *read* trembling answered. Page 30, *for* have cause, *read* have no cause. Page 31, *for* in the street, *read* in the house. Page 40, *for* and concern of her deceit, *read* and a consciouſness of her deceit. *ibid.* *for* her confuſion, *read* her into confuſion. Page 64, *for* for undutiſulneſs, *read* for her undutiſulneſs. Page 100, *for* we left returning to town, *read* we left, and returned to town. Page 124, *for* loving me, *read* for looſing me. Page 129, *for* what ſhe would, *read* what I would. Page 138, *for* her father and mother cared not what, &c. *read* her father and mother's care, or what, &c. Page 148, *for* a ſuit of law, *read* a lawſuit. Page 166, *for* that horned viſions, *read* that horrid viſions. Page 179, *for* with thoſe tender minds, *read* to thoſe tender minds. Page 148, *for* leave my Nell, *read* loſe my Nell.



## SCOTCH PARENTS, &c.

### PART I.

**I**F the reader, in any of the succeeding lines, should think the writer guilty of too much partiality, let him remember it was wrote by the person who *really* suffered.

The chief reason why this is made public, is, that I may clear myself of several aspersions laid to my charge

B

and



and to let the world see the unexampled cruelty in the behaviour of parents to their child, for one breach of duty, which neither the utmost effort, of me, (th'unhappy cause) to 'retrieve that false step, nor the force of nature could effect.

Let the novelty of the story, make amends for whatever defects may be found in point of scholastic rules, &c. in the following pages.—

My name, as well as those of the persons concerned in this affair, I shall, (for particular reasons) change by calling myself John Ramble. My birth, family, connexions and profession, I shall pass over, as having very little to do with this affair, and commence the beginning of the summer before last, being the time this *amour* of mine took place.—

I had

I had lodgings in a public street, near a market not far from St. James's. Being at that time clear of all connexions whatsoever; happy in having no particular tie on my mind or heart; every thing was alike agreeable. Much about this time, I heard great mention of a young lady remarkable for her personal accomplishments; her parents kept a *publick shop* in the market above hinted at. The mother and daughter chiefly minded the shop whilst the father lived with a person of distinction. The whole family was Scotch. There were two more girls and a boy, besides this fair creature who lived so much in men's report. Go where I would, nothing was heard but the charms of this sweet Miss Macpherson; which raised a very particular desire in me to see this wonder.

One Saturday, (the reader is desired to observe this day which has been very extraordinary to me in this affair) I went to be witness whether *fame* spoke truth or no.—Well, I arrived at the shop, she happened to be there; I looked! I wondered! (and may I say) I loved?—— However, I thought all I had heard of her fell too short of what she merited. She turned round and perceived me gazing at her: her looks bore such an unusual dignity, that I directly held down my head, as if ashamed and confounded at daring to raise my thoughts to such a charming object.—Not presuming to look again, I went on, struck *deeply* at what I had seen.—

The next day I went again.—I saw her;——and the next day to that, till at last, I could not with any degree of quiet pass



pass a day without having a sight of this enchanting object.

Sometimes I had the good fortune to have a look from her, and my passing by at particular times, when she seldom failed of being there, raised in my breast a kind of hope, I might one time or other have an opportunity of speaking to her.

I have often determined to go into the shop, but never had the courage to put my design in execution. I used to check my heart for daring to entertain a wish for this girl; but all in vain, still did it plead in her favour; notwithstanding, I thought it would be impossible for her ever to be mine. I still continued to pass the house to enjoy the only pleasure I e'er could hope, that of viewing her lovely face. This painful happiness of mine,

I pur-

I pursued till the middle of the same Summer, when I was obliged to go down into the west of England. 'Twas with great reluctance I left my fair charmer.—I staid till the ensuing winter. The long time I had been from her, and never perceiving any direct encouragement from her; had, in a manner damped those ardent wishes which tortured me when in town, that I retained but a slight remembrance of her enchantments.—When I returned, I could not refrain from having another view of her, and to see if absence had really cured my heart. I found her not there.—Well, I did not much mind the disappointment, the next day I thought might make amends. I went again, still was I deprived the happiness of seeing her.—A month passed,—still the same—'Twas then I determined to banish all thoughts of her for ever. The time  
going

going on, I imagined I had forgot her—  
 I yet could not refrain from enquiring of  
 my acquaintance thereabouts if they knew  
 what became of her : I learned she was  
 gone out prentice to a French business,  
 near Grosvenor Square, but could not  
 learn the particular place.—Well, there's  
 an end—I must think no more of her;  
 and consoling myself, that time might  
 bring in my way some other object (tho'  
 not so fair) more likely to be obtain-  
 ed.

A short time after this, I had inten-  
 tions of quitting my present lodgings.  
 I, one morning, (it being a Saturday)  
 went to look after others. —I rambled  
 about a long time, pleased with none;  
 at last, coming into a street near Gros-  
 venor Square, I knocked at a door, there  
 being lodgings to let: it was opened by  
 a young girl, who I thought looked ex-  
 cessive



cessive fine, though somewhat disguised by a French night-cap.—A certain air of melancholly hung over her, which rather struck me. ——— She (staring with a mixture of surprize and pleasure) asked me my business, I answered, to see the lodgings; she said some one should shew them me: and went into a parlour where a number of girls were at work. A person whom I supposed to be the mistress, bid this same girl shew me up; I paid very little attention to the apartments, being wholly intent on beholding this young creature. I was resolved, at any rate, to have them; thinking I could not fail of being happy amongst such a number of girls. We did not agree at that time, but the next day I settled to lodge and board with them; ——— asking the people of the house, whose names were O' Trimmer, (the husband, a native of Ireland

land) whether they'd chuse to have any recommendation with me. No, No, they answered; there's one in this house knows you very well. I, quite astonished, said, that must be impossible, pray, what was their names? They told me, one Miss Macpherson; my heart leaped to my mouth! The circumstance of her being prenticed near Grosvenor Square, and recollecting my lost charmer in the person who shewed me the lodging, had such an effect on me; thus meeting her so unexpectedly, when I never imagined I should see her more; my coming to live in the same house with her; all appearing so very extraordinary to me, I was for some time before I could believe the reality of it. All my buried hopes sprung up into my soul more powerful than ever.——How was I delighted! Let those who have ever been in such a  
pleasing

pleasing situation, call to mind what I then must feel.

I determined to come the next evening. At supper, I there saw her—— O my heart! The joy that fluttered round my delighted imagination — by an unusal impulse, I asked her how she did, (since I'd found she knew who I was) when, with the sweetest civility, she returned me an obliging answer.

The family consisted of the master, and mistress, her mother, three or four prentices, (my lovely Miss Macpherson, being one) a fore-woman, and maid.

They all behaved with so much politeness and civility, that I thought myself one of the happiest young fellows in the kingdom.

I having



I having an indifferent voice, and playing a little on the guittar, recommended me to the young folks.——

I had every opportunity of seeing and being in the company of my charmer; but still did not dare to tell her the dictates of my Soul, for there was about her person such a commanding air, that I never could take the liberty to speak to her on this subject.

She sung heavenly, therefore used to be more pleased with my weak efforts in the musical way, than the other girls. Amongst the several airs I used to sing, the following one gave her more pleasure than any.——

A I R

A I R.

Yes, I will go with you kind sir,

For in my heart I find sir,

I love you 'tis true;

O dear,

I fear,

I've been too complying

But there's no denying

A man like you.

One time after I'd sung it, she, with a look that pierced my soul, said, that it was one of the prettiest things she ever heard.—Was this not some small encouragement? at least my heart construed it so.—

Thus, time run on for about a month. One evening going along the passage in the dark, I met somebody, who I soon found to be her. I could not refrain from saluting her. *She refused me not.*—

Yet

Yet did I refrain to give utterance to my  
passions. I——

I frequently went to a Concert, and  
wished to have her along with me, at last  
I asked, and she consented, provided  
her parents would give her leave, which  
they did.——

The evening came that we were to go  
—I called for her at her mother's—the  
father was to have gone with us, but  
something detaining of him, we went on  
before. I asked her to take my arm that  
she might not slip, she, with a kind of  
fear refused, and kept continually look-  
ing behind. Now I observed a gentle-  
man, who followed us all the way, but  
I paid very little regard to him, being so  
wholly intent on the treasure I had in  
my possession. After the Concert, we  
returned to the father's, he being then  
with



with us, so I lost the opportunity of revealing my sufferings.——I left her then, and waited for the next day that would bring her to my sight.—A very short time after this, going down stairs one Saturday evening to tea, having my guittar in my hand, and being too much engaged with it to mind my situation on the stair, my foot slipped, and *down I fell* on the landing place, rather stunned; the noise of my fall brought somebody to my assistance, and who should it be but Miss *Macpherson*! What with the hurt of my fall, and the unexpected pleasure of seeing her so nigh when I had some need of consolation, raised in my heart such a mixture of pain and joy that I could not forbear begging her aid in assisting me up,—she instantly down on her knees and gently took me up a little way; what emotions passed within me, I had no power or guard over myself, but  
drooped

drooped my head insensibly on her heaving bosom. *She resisted not*, but put her face to mine and asked me (while I felt her tears trickling down my cheek) if I was hurt? It was some time before I could answer, and when I did, 'twas so incoherently that she must know very little of what I said; some of the girls coming, we were obliged to part. When I got down stairs, so much this discovery of our hearts had affected me, that I was ready to faint, and was obliged to return to my room to give vent to what lay on my soul. She soon followed me, and with the utmost kindness asked me how I did *then*—I fell on her neck, and sighing said, Oh! Miss Macpherson, you'll kill me; she seemed surprized, and wondered what I meant by those words.—— O thou dear girl, I answered, this extraordinary kindness of thine to me, who loves you beyond every thing,—but if it should  
be

be only the effect of meer charity!——  
 by this condescension of yours, my  
 heart burns with more violence than  
 ever——if you should deny me your re-  
 gard, in return, I shall die.—Dear Sir,  
 she answered, think not so of me, I hope  
 I never shall give you reason to com-  
 plain, be comforted; I'll come up again  
 presently and see whether you're better,  
 for be assured, I cannot bear to see you  
 thus. I took her in my arms and said,  
 thou sweet creature, thou'rt every thing  
 my soul can wish for, and ravished a kiss  
 from her lovely mouth—no affected coy-  
 ness from her, but a modest refusal, which  
 gave a greater gout to the felicity I then  
 enjoyed. She left me!——In what a  
 transporting idea of heaven to come!  
 —— So very unexpectedly to tell  
 her the sentiments of my soul; and to  
 meet with such a return! Such a kind as-  
 surance! I should never complain of her  
 cruelty!



eruelty!—About eight o'clock she returned, and said, she'd just got opportunity to run up and see how I was, for she must go home to her mother's directly. I asked her if I might have the liberty to conduct her, she told me I could not that Saturday, but any other I might.

Now she used to go home to her mother's every Saturday evening and stay till the Monday morning following. I expressed much concern that I could not go with her. She wished me a good night, and was going; What, cried I, will you go without giving me a look? Upon which she turned round, and such a one she gave me—which, so long as memory lasts, I never shall forget; to describe it is *impossible*. Nothing but a mind dressed in every delightful wish of a loving soul, can have an idea of it—I had no power to answer her, or move, so much.

much it had enchanted my soul. In that condition she left me.—But the transports I then enjoyed, were soon converted to the deepest distress.

Though she refused my going with her, I resolved to follow, and if she was alone, to go with her home, for I thought her refusal was owing to a fearfulness of being seen with me. Into the street I went, waited a long time;—at last, she came, in close conference with a gentleman: she took not the least notice of me, and went on. Now was I torn with jealous fears—having heard she had got several sweet-hearts, which, before this evening, gave me very little hopes of my succeeding with her; but our late explanation had drove all those fears out of my head. Meeting her so soon with a young fellow, her taking not the least notice of me, her refusing to let me see her home,

in

in favour of this happy lover (who imagined he cou'd be no less) soon banish'd all my new rais'd ideas of happiness to come, and left nothing but jealousy and despair : that she'd been only trifling with me, or that her behaviour was owing to being a witness of the accident I had sustain'd. I follow'd some time ; but being unable to bear the sight, I return'd home, and went to bed distracted with every imagination that cou'd torture my poor love-sick mind. — What a night did I endure ! 'twas a painful one. — The next day came but to make me the more wretched.

However, I determin'd to upbraid her cruelty the next morning when she return'd to her business, for her deceiving me. I fortified my heart to bear against her charms, and reproach her for what I had felt since her false look, on which  
I had



I had built such great hopes of being a happy adoring lover ; and so soon letting me have a shocking view of what wou'd be the consequence of meeting with her pity instead of her love.

The next morning she came up stairs, I drew her into my room, and we sat down.—After some time, when I had compos'd myself, (she was full of surprise at seeing me disturb'd) I spoke thus : — Inhuman girl, what have I done, that you shou'd use me thus ? Us'd you ! bless me ! she cry'd ! what's the matter ? — Have you forgot, I answer'd, Saturday-night ? Your listening to my passion, and giving me hopes of a return of yours, and afterwards to be in such familiarity with a young fellow in the street, and not deigning to regard me ! Little did I think, when you deny'd me to see you home, 'twas in favour of another.

ther.——Was that kind of you?—what am I to think?—Lord, Sir, she said, 'twas my uncle who call'd for me, therefore don't be uneasy any longer; I was afraid to speak to you, lest he might suspect something; but no more about it; you shall go with me the next time, so believe I have no intention to give you any pain.——Cou'd I do otherwise than give ear to this? 'twas deliver'd with such an air of innocence, and at the same time a look that soon made me forget what I had suffer'd. We parted for this time, lest we shou'd be observ'd. After this, several times in a day, she'd make excuses to come up stairs to a work-room above me, where a woman was employed at their business; I never miss'd the opportunity of having her a little while with me, to reap a few minutes of happiness.

At

At last she got leave to work upstairs : 'twas then we cou'd talk to one another, tho' at some distance, without controul ; each of us pursuing our separate business. — Our discourse was intermix'd with songs from one to another. Whenever the woman went down stairs, I, in an instant, flew up to my sweet, and stole a few kisses, which she return'd. One time she stay'd longer than ordinary, which gave me an opportunity to urge her home for a real explanation of her soul ; for, I said, I'd scorn the the possession of her person without her entire heart ; she answer'd, she was disengag'd from all the world, and that no one had so good a pretension to her sole thoughts as myself. — I begg'd her on my knees, to deal sincerely ; for if she was tied to any other person, I wou'd immediately desist, though I suffer'd every torment neglected love cou'd feel ;  
for



for it was an honourable faithful love I had for her; no base motives urg'd me to it, nothing but her entire affections was what I aim'd at: she answer'd, taking heav'n to witness, her heart was free from all attacks but mine; and if I was willing to gain it for ever, I might begin the enterprize when I wou'd, for no one shou'd have such encouragement as myself.—This satisfied me; and I gave myself up to every pleasing thought of being belov'd by this charmer of my soul.—She being at her mother's for a week, at her return I presented her with the following song: which I had wrote to mitigate the pangs of absence.

A. I. R.

O cruel fate,  
 To part me and my love;  
 I sigh at such a rate,  
 Each tender heart 'twou'd move,  
 To

To pity an unhappy youth,  
 Full of love and full of truth :  
 Who lives but in his Nelly's sight ;  
 With doubts tormented shou'd she flight  
     Unhappy me,  
     What misery  
 Wou'd then this panting heart invade.  
 But can I doubt the charming maid ?  
 Has she not own'd she lov'd but me ?  
 It were unjust to think that she  
 Wou'd now neglect an honest heart,  
 Who from her charms will never start,  
 But love till death. O cruel time,  
 Haste and let these arms entwine  
 My lovely Nelly once again :  
 Till then, joy adieu, welcome pain.

She was much pleased with my poetry  
 and begged a copy of them.——Thus  
 sweetly passed my time away, enjoying  
 her dear company, and the innocent plea-  
 sure of ravishing kisses of such sweet lips

as

as her's; for when they spoke, 'twas nothing but the dictates of undissembled nature; could I believe that such a girl, so young, her countenance the picture of truth and innocence, could e'er deceive? But by her future actions may be judged whether deceit can lurk under the mask of all subduing virtue. I used to take notice she sometimes wore a ring and a watch, and I had the curiosity to ask her from whom she had them; she answered, from a female cousin who was gone to Scotland.

On my guittar was a white ribbon, which she often wished to be pink.--One morning having missed my guittar out of the room, I took no notice of it: some time after, I found it in its place, deck'd with a pink ribbon. How the little artifice delighted me! ———

C

When



When I was alone with her, I, with a laugh, said, I shou'd not forget the trick she'd put upon me, and to be even with her, shou'd never lose remembrance of the injury done me. She answer'd, she desired no more. About this time I drew her picture, which the frontispiece is engrav'd from.——

I was now pretty intimate with her family, always seeing her home. Sometimes in the middle of the week, she'd have occasion to go home for an hour or so, and then return back, I generally calling on her. One of these evenings, as we were going up Bond street, a person met us, and without any ceremony, took her by the arm; and in a very singular manner began upbraiding her: fir'd at this insult, I insisted on knowing what he meant by this daring piece of brutality, in attacking a lady  
to

to abuse her in this gross manner in the public street? He answered, you have no right to that lady: she belongs to me! It is needless to say how I was surpriz'd. I then asked her if she knew him; she, in the utmost terror and affright, answered, no. — Upon this, I called him unmannerly villain to affront a lady in this unsufferable manner; and told him to appoint a place more proper to settle this affair in than the public street, I'll give you my address, and — he catch'd me short, No, he said, I know where you live well enough: then I said, call on me to morrow, and explain yourself, for I shall listen now no more to you. Then we left him cursing his stars in a shocking manner.

What was I to think of all this? — a thousand jealous pangs now seiz'd my heart; and have you then deceiv'd me,

I cried?

I cried? have you made me resign my soul to you, by fondly believing you was truth itself? — Have I then been a dupe to your false deluding tales of innocence? have I not often press'd you to tell me whether you was free or no? And now in one curs'd distractive minute, when I was flattering this foolish heart that you was all my own, to find a person, with all the fury of a despis'd lover, come and claim you as his. — She humbly answer'd — And will you believe him? Is it possible you can give ear to such a *story*? No person but a madman, I replied, wou'd enter into such an affair, as to claim a lady from a gentleman without some grounds; therefore, whatever you may alledge in your own vindication, I shall believe as false. Do then, she cried, ungrateful as you are; and think a stranger capable of being more true, than her you've made believe  
was



was belov'd by you. Do you think I've deceived you?—What end cou'd I propose to say, I lov'd you, if I did not? You ask'd for my heart, which I, thou ungrateful man, soon gave you; and till you made me resign it, I never knew the painful anxieties which attends this passion, love. What he says is false!—Do you not know him then, I said? Yes, she answered, but never gave him any encouragement; 'tis true, he oft has followed me with his odious passion, but I always detested him. I beg you will not see him. Not see him! most surely I will. Can I give this affair up? It may be all truth what you have said; but forgive me if I mean to be satisfied. When I see him to-morrow, we shall come to an explanation; for this heart can never brook to think another has any part in your affections; for to be the sole possessor, there's nothing in this world

world I would not forego to obtain it. If thou art false, wretch as I am, I'll tear myself from those fair deceiving eyes, and— O hold, she cried, if you will see him, do so; but you'll have cause to fear or doubt my regard. I never lov'd any but you. Is it not enough *I tell you* so? Oh Nelly, I replied, 'twere needless to remind me of what wou'd be the greatest happiness this world can afford; O pardon me if I've accus'd you without a cause.—But think of what I've just heard, and surely you cannot but forgive me. Heavens grant that this outrageous person may have no foundation for what he said; but I may, as usual, press my love to my heart, and fondly think she can have no desire beyond her faithful Ramble: till then, ease will be a stranger to me.——I long'd for next day, which was to determine my future happiness or misery.

I had

I had not the opportunity when he came of having an explanation, and fearful any disturbance might arise in the street, begg'd he'd put it off to another time and place, which he consented to; and next day, at a coffee house, near Charing-Cross, was to put an end to this affair one way or other. — When he was gone, Nelly came up quite confus'd, and said, Well, has he uttered any thing against me? — O, I cried, nothing has pass'd; we are to meet to-morrow at a proper place to settle this matter in. — I was going to question her more about this affair, when she was call'd down stairs. — Mrs O'Trimmer and the rest having observ'd how much we were together while she work'd up stairs, had now got her into the parlour as at first. — In the evening I had an opportunity of being alone with her. I begg'd her to deal sincerely with me, and to consider  
 what



what a dangerous business I was going  
 on, for I might perhaps lose my life;  
 but if she still continued her assurance  
 that he did her wrong, I shou'd behave  
 to him accordingly. She answer'd, you  
 may, with the utmost confidence, tell  
 him, he's a villain, if he says I ever gave  
 him any liberties.—But take care, my  
 Ramble, you provoke not yourselves,  
 lest something fatal shou'd happen.—  
 With pleasure I told her, I wou'd risk  
 that danger, or more, to defend her  
 character, and give her a proof of my sin-  
 cere affection towards her. O! she  
 cried, giving herself up to all the dic-  
 tates of a passionate heart, and fondly  
 kissing me, I am sensible you love me;  
 I want not this proof to convince me—  
 oh unfortunate meeting! I told her 'twas  
 better as it was, for such an affair must  
 come to light one time or other; but if  
 you shou'd prove false, and I, by de-  
 fending

fending you, lose my life, think of my deplorable end, with what horror I shall quit this earth; and when I'm breathing my last, to think I gave my life for one who had deceiv'd me—O the thought!—but if I found you innocent, I shou'd with joy resign myself into the arms of death, satisfied that I had found you true. O my Ramble, she said, how shall I make a return for such assurances of such a sincere passion as thine. I'm convinc'd no person in the world wou'd do more for me, than you.—O heav'n grant, (falling on her knees) that when e'er I forget my Ramble, or deceive his faithful heart, may every plague and torment seize my soul, and make me curse that ever I was born!

I took her in my arms, my dear creature, I said, I will believe you, and meet this disturber of your repose, with con-

fidence that he has wrong'd you. But  
 give me some token of your love  
 and truth, some uncommon gift to  
 convince me that thou art beyond a  
 doubt innocent, e'er I enter on this enter-  
 prize. There's one thing would put  
 every scruple out of my mind, and I  
 should then believe you full of nought  
 but purity and love indeed! O what is  
 it? she replied, and at hazzard of my  
 life, you shall have it. But I'm  
 afraid, I returned, that when you under-  
 stand my meaning, you'll deny me, for  
 it's one of the greatest favours a woman  
 can bestow; and without you have the  
 highest opinion of my love and honour,  
 you'll never consent. Upon which she  
 said, you make me wonder exceedingly,  
 What do you mean? But ask and try me.  
 Well, then I went on, remember I'm  
 going to venture this body for you, and  
 that you yesterday swore you loved me,  
 and



and nothing but death should part us, yet, I neither will defend your cause, or see you more, if you refuse me, and I shall conclude you guilty; therefore, let me have the liberty to take a lock of hair from what part of your body I please. It is impossible to describe what she suffered at this declaration; after crying and tearing her hair, and using every means to persuade me from it, and finding I was fully bent on this design of mine, and that it would be the finishing stroke to prove her fidelity, she consented.—I then begged she might use the same freedom with me: for I should still be more convinced of her love than ever. After some few struggles of her virtue; she consented *to that too.*—— Then taking a ribbon from her neck and binding it round my bare arm, now says she, I hope you'll be convinced I'm true, and that I love you, and may this  
ribbon

ribbon strengthen my Ramble's arm to do his Nelly right, as I've given these uncommon proofs at hazard of my honour. O! take no advantage of my weakness. 'Twas to make you, unbelieving as you are, think your Nelly is, and will be what you wish her.—

I now, from this time shall be ever miserable to remember I've put it in your power to ruin me for ever. I used every means in my power to appease her, but in vain; she continued to be in this disagreeable state all the rest of the evening. The next day, (it being Saturday) I had an interview with her before I went; and made use of the same argument as before, to make her, if she still disguised to tell the truth: she persisted in her innocence. After taking an embrace, which I thought might be the last, in a tender manner, spoke thus: Now I  
go

go to meet whatever danger may occur, depending on what you've said and done to prove you're wronged.—She burst into tears, and catching me in her arms, you shall not go, she cried--I tore myself from her, and left her possessed with all the anguish and despair that ever appeared on any human countenance.

This affair appearing of so serious a nature, and being uncertain of the consequence, I had, after the person had been with me the preceding day (whose name was Heflebourg, a German) made a kind of a will; whereby I had left this girl all my effects and money—and after she had given me her proof in the evening, I gave it her sealed up, with this caution, not to open it without she'd found I had lost my life; which



she promised, and deposited it in her bosom.

When I arrived at the Coffee-house, I found Mr. Heflebourg waiting for me. We were shewn into a private room, Where I thus began : I'm come from the lady, sir, to call you villain, for pretending any right to her : and that you was guilty of the greatest impudence, by affronting her in the street ; and as I was in her company, have a just claim to demand a proper acknowledgment of the offence.—How, exclaimed he, does she call me villain ! O the base girl ; Sir, she is the greatest dissembler in this Kingdom, and if I do not make it appear that she is so, I'll yield to any submission you shall judge proper. In the first place, I've been acquainted with her for above this year past, being always  
in

in her company when she went out, and sometimes, by the assistance of a maid was often brought into her parents house without their knowledge, and enjoyed her company there, and taken a number of liberties with her, as far as modesty would allow; and for her now to despise me!—but the reason is too evident, she's fond of variety, therefore, you now reign in her heart; but think, the first new offer from another will make her use you as vilely as she has done me. What an account is this? For me too! I that believed her an attribute of heaven! But I was resolved not to give too much credit to his story at first, but said to him, this may be all invention; Give me some proofs?—That I will, answered he; you may remember one night when you took her to the Concert, a person followed you, that person was

was me; I should not have contained myself, had she not previously let me know of her going, and that it was her father's pleasure you should be with her. I should not have been so mean as to have submitted to it. Again, you met us one Saturday night as we were going from her mistress's to her mother's. Was that you? I cried—she told me it was her uncle; but go on, read these two letters, he continued, I dare say you're acquainted with her hand; I read them; but they contained no very great evidence of love on her side, only a kind of pointment.

Then said he, I suppose you have observed a ring and watch which were mine;—I Started!—being now convinced she was a deceiving devil: her telling me they were the gift of a female

cousin,



cousin, as before mentioned, and finding they came from this injured person, made me shudder at her uncommon deceit — look here, he cried, behold these pretty flowers, these are her making, and her present. Now if these proofs won't satisfy, I'll give you more. O hold, I answered, I'm convinced she's false, and ask pardon for the wrong I did you when I called you villain.—Oh what a wretched situation I'm in; how did she swear last night your accusation was false; she pawned her soul that I might believe her, and gave such testimonies of her sincerity, that I imagined her only mine,—and now to find her such a false one;—O I shall go distracted! Ah sir, he said, when I found she was neglecting me, I suffered as much, or more than you can do; but I've seen my folly, and am determined to forget her; for, would she now be mine, I swear I would not have her.

her. The world should not bribe me,—  
 I shall be revenged, she cannot go on  
 long in this guilty manner; it's not  
 every man will behave with so much ho-  
 nour towards her as I have done: and  
 then she'll meet the infamy she deserves.

His account had such an effect on me  
 that I could not stay longer, and told  
 him I'd take my leave, and endeavour to  
 despise her as I ought, since she so richly  
 deserved it. But begged he'd let me  
 have the letters and flowers to shew her,  
 in case she should persist in her inno-  
 cence. With all my heart, he replied,  
 and if she has any feeling, cut her to the  
 soul, and make her suffer for her incon-  
 stancy; that at least, she may wish to  
 have pursued the paths of truth. I de-  
 pend on your honour in returning these  
 things, and likewise desire her to return  
 my watch and ring.—I promised I'd do  
 what

what he requested of me, and so we parted.

Let any mortal that ever gave his whole soul to one particular object, and that his happiness depended on the continuance of what gave him so much felicity, to find that heaven of his mind, a hell, (for as such this girl now appeared to me): Let that unfortunate person remember his pains, and think of me.—O the anguish I then felt,—with what an aching heart did I return home—Who would ever have thought that a girl would give such uncommon proofs, to shew she was innocent, and at the same time to know herself quite the contrary. I prayed to heaven, to shield my heart against her charms, and to let remembrance of what she'd made me venture for her sake, and the ill return to love and honour like mine, steel my bosom,



som, and treat her in a manner, as she deserved.

In this situation of mind, I returned home, and when I was got up stairs, she soon followed me,—her appearance expressed terror and concern of her deceit, I with a furious look demanded the sealed paper which she had from me last night: she trembling took it from her treacherous bosom, I snatched it from her, and—but may hap, the reader would wish to know the contents of this *will* of mine at large, it being of an uncommon nature, and wrote at a time when I was uncertain of life, or her inconstancy.

“ March 13, 1772, of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in the reign of his majesty George the Third, king of England, France and Ireland, defender of the faith: I, John Ramble, Drafsman, of  
the

the parish of St. George, Hanover-Square, being in perfect health of body and mind, hath wrote theſe words : which he would have put in execuion ; if he ſhould not live any longer than to-morrow ; being to meet a gentleman upon an affair which may endanger my life. Firſt then, I deſire, that whatſoever I die poſſeſſed of (money, goods, &c.) may be given to Eleanora Macpherson, Tr——g M—r, of the pariſh of St. George, Hanover-Square : this is my deſire to my laſt breath. And if I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to periſh, whoever hinders the ſaid Eleonora Macpherson, Tr——g M—r, of the pariſh of St. George, Hanover-Square, from enjoying whatever is here bequeathed to her, may they be puniſh'd in this life, and in the next."

Then follows an account of monies which are owing to me, and what I'm indebted ;

indebted; and concludes in this manner:

“These words are the hand-writing and the will of John Ramble, draftsman, of the parish of St. George’s, Hanover-Square, as witness his hand,” &c.

After I had taken this *will* from her, I thus spoke: How dare you, with that dissembled countenance, look me in the face? O thou ungen’rous girl! And have I found you out? — Why, what’s the matter, she cried, have you been with him? Yes, I answer’d, to your confusion? You’re false! — By heav’n, she replied, you do me wrong; he cannot sure accuse me of any thing that deserves this behaviour from you: let me hear his pretended story. — I’m prepar’d for whate’er he has said. — I must confess her assurance surpriz’d me. Well, said I, since you’re so conscious of your fidelity, have at you! — Having my hands at



this time under my coat, in which was the box of flowers; and when I spoke these last words with a furious tone, I drew out my hand. Whatever her thoughts might be at that time, I did not know; but she started back in the utmost fright, and gave a scream; no doubt being sensible of her guilt, thought I was going to use some violence: however she soon regain'd her confidence; and when I had shewn her the flowers and letters, and said, Are not these vindications of your being something more than *merely* acquainted with each other. She answer'd, am I to be condemn'd for this? Is this the great proof how much I was his? And for these, and what his malice could suggest (because I never list'ned to that love with which he hath filled your head) must I be counted false, and treated thus by you? No! no! I replied, Where's the watch and ring your female cousin  
gave

gave you?—Ha! you begin to find I know too much to believe you in what you've no pretensions to?—What you're confus'd now, that false mask of truth is of, and leaves you as thou art; a deceiving wicked girl.—He was the uncle that conducted you that Saturday-night, when you, with well dissembled kindness, made me believe you were in earnest when you said you lov'd.—Every liberty that your modesty cou'd grant, he has tasted of. — O thou cruel creature! Now where's your vows? You've given up your honour to make me believe you? Where's your thoughts, when you sent me with a burning lie in my mouth, to confront this Hesselbourg? When, had he not been one of the best of men, I might, by this time, have paid dear for my credulity.—

Oh,

Oh, she cried, I'm lost!—You hate me!— but notwithstanding all these witnesses of my shame, I swear he does me wrong! 'tis true, these flowers are my making; these letters my writing; this watch and ring I had from him. The letters and flowers he forc'd from me; this watch and ring he oblig'd me to take, saying, if I would not, he'd kill himself——but that I ever lov'd him, and gave him liberties, is false!—false! as is his *villainous soul*!

Hold, I said, do you still persist in denying you lov'd him? Yes, she answer'd, I never lov'd him, nor any other man, but you: Yes, Ramble, you alone made this heart to sigh; and did I not love you indeed, I shou'd not strive to make you believe he has done me wrong.

D

Well.



Well then, I return'd, since you insist that he belyes you, we'll all three meet to-morrow. You go home to Night; therefore ask your mother for leave to go out with me to-morrow; I'll afterwards call on him, and we'll appoint where to meet face to face; and *then* see who's the wrong'd person.—If you can clear yourself, I shall be happy; if not, I must leave you: with pain I speak it, and welcome sorrow in all its lingering forms. My mentioning this scheme threw her into confusion: after hesitation, and evident marks of despair appearing on her face, she said,—*she durst not see him.*

'Twas now that I was sensible of all that Hesselbourg had said, was true; and she was—what?—a false!—lovely!—cruel creature. — What could I do—I still loved her as much as ever!—to leave her was impossible!—  
and

and to continue with her, I knew I never should be at rest after this witness of her disposition.—How was I to act? To behold her, with eyes streaming in Tears: and giving herself up to all the marks of extream grief and misery——I was at a loss what method I should make use of to finish this affair.

She continued in this situation all the rest of the Day, unmindful of what the People in the house might think of her extraordinary behaviour.—

before the time came that she was to go home in the evening, I had her in my room, where she begged I would not think of hating her. She confessed her crime in being ungrateful to me, and false to him.—That though she had given him some liberties, there was, she said, no real love on her side: time indeed,

deed, might have made her regard him,  
 but seeing me, soon made her sensible  
 what it was to love *indeed*! For me she  
 left him. Could I, after hearing this  
 and seeing her on her knees begging for-  
 giveness? Could I think of hating her?  
 Though all my wrongs stood glaringly  
 before me, yet, her confession so much  
 in my favour——her beauteous person  
 prostrate before me——my own fond  
 heart interceding for her,——Could I  
 do otherwise than say I would not leave  
 her? But I never should believe her  
 more; I owned 'twas not in my power  
 to hate her. A remembrance of what I  
 once thought her, still made her dear to  
 me, but nothing could redeem my lost  
 opinion. —— Since, said she, you  
 have thus generously pardoned me, I  
 yet hope by my future actions to merit  
 your confidence again; yes, though I  
 forfeit life, honour and every thing that's  
 dear



dear to me, I'll let my Ramble see, I love him, and ever shall; next week when I return, I'll give him such a proof as will make him think I may, one time or other *regain* his good opinion.——She then gave me the watch and ring to return to Mr. Hesselbourg. I went with her home, and left her to meditate on what had passed.

I took the pink ribbon off my guitar till the time came that was to convince me of what she had promised.

The next day I saw Mr. Hesselbourg, and gave him his watch and ring, &c. I told him of my interview with Miss Macpherson——I wish you may be happy with her, he said, but take my word, she's left me, and will you; she'll pretend love for a time, and then despise you as she has me.——He then informed me  
what

what a number of people of all conditions sought after her, while she was at her mothers; and above all, a Scotch gentleman, whose name was Galloway, and lived in a street which run into Berkeley-Square, and of his making offers to the Parents to take her into keeping, and much to this purpose; and so we parted, he bidding me remember his prediction.

I have by me a letter which will demonstrate the veracity of her being praised and sought after; as likewise, several letters, which will give great light into this history, and shall be introduced in their proper places. The one with respect to her being so much esteemed by the great people, who are stil'd men of *honour* and *fashion*, I shall now present:

My

## My dear Creature,

I would not have intruded in this manner, but being unable to stifle the passion which your charms have kindled in my breast; those dear eyes have entangled my heart, and without *some* compassion, your slave is *lost*. If you will be so kind as to accept of this letter; fifteen hundred pounds a year will I settle on your dear person: if you will grant my petition. Fair creature, let not this letter alarm you, for I am *honorable*; I mean to make you my *wife*. I have been after you five long months in torture and misery: only you, my angel, can *ease* my pain. I shall come to buy  
some



some fruit to-morrow morning, in hopes of seeing you: and if I may be so happy, those eyes, those looks and modest grace, have inflamed my soul. O my angel, I'm distracted for you: who could not love *one* where there is so much beauty without art, and attended with so much modesty.—My dear girl, you are too *handsome* to live at home with your parents, if you will follow my persuasion, you will be forever happy.

Adieu, my life, my soul,  
till To Morrow

There was no name put to it. — This letter is an amazing proof of modern love in high life. Some such affair as this; was the reason of her being prenticed.

The promise which Nelly gave me at our last interview, run continually in my head. When she returned, the first opportunity

portunity I had, I put her in mind of it. — She with a mournful look said, if I still give you greater pledges of my love than I have done, you'll disbelieve me; but to begin my task of regaining your lost opinion, I will give you this evening a written pledge, which will eternally bind me yours. I may surprize you! — it shall be no trifling promise, as knowing it would have but little effect with you after what has happened, it shall serve as an example to let you (and if ever occasion, the world) see what one woman did to keep the object of her wishes. When the evening came, she was as good as her word, she gave me a paper saying, receive this, but never shall you have cause to take any advantage from what you will find there written; when you have — think from me, that *woman* is what Hell, in all its variety of Torments, could join together, to

be the plague and curse of all mankind. May we, (after breach of this) be shunned and deemed as monsters, whose very sight can blast whole nations ; and if our mouths should open, to consume this globe, and dam mankind to eternal punishments below. Her words chilled my very soul, I opened the paper, and with a mind full of wonder and horror, read these words.

“ I Eleonora Macpherson, swear that I love John Ramble faithfully, and have consulted my heart, and find that it is in my power to confine all my wishes to him for *ever* ; and that no fleeting thought, towards any other man, shall *ever* pass from me. I am his, and only his : no man but him (so help me Heaven) shall ever possess my body : and in case I should be so lost to love, virtue and gratitude, as to neglect the same John Ramble



ble for any other man: may he by the following confession, have it in his power to ruin me. — I have granted him every liberty a woman could grant to a man, no part of my body have I denied him to see and touch; likewise have I taken the same liberties with him.

To this confession, I put my name, to satisfy the said John Ramble I am his— (having lately deceived him) and sooner than lose him I love, I would condescend to every thing he could desire.

As witness my hand and seal,

ELEONORA MACPHERSON.

This is my Act and  
Deed, April 2d,  
1772.

Well, says she, after I had read it, do not you think I strive to convince you how much I have at heart the gaining your confidence again. — Indeed you do, I answered, this is a proof, and such

an one, as will stand as a memorial of woman's love, for ever.— This is a way to gain my lost opinion indeed ! Since you have thus made good your promise, and given me this wonderful deed of thine, it would be unpardonable in me to think, but in a very short time I shall hold you to my heart as dear as ever.— but pardon me, if I still have my tears and doubts.— You see I have taken your gift off my Guittar, which never shall be on again till you *intirely*, by some extraordinary deed, regain my soul for ever — It may not be impossible, she replied, and I wish to Heaven *that* soon may be, for never will rest dwell within my mind, till I behold my Ramble bearing his Nelly's first gift with the same pleasure as he expressed when first I put it on your Guittar.— Thus, this extraordinary affair was settled : and brought on in two days,

days, what I may well say was the occasion of all my future troubles. But, before I can give a proper description of them, I must recount some incidents which happened about this time in our family ; and begin to shew the behaviour of Scotch parents.

END OF THE FIRST PART.



of Scotch people. I began to know the neighborhood which happened about the time in our school, I shall recount some incidents; here I can give a proper definition of those of all my future troubles. I have days, what I may well say was the best of my life.

## PART SECOND.

**M**R. O'Trimmer had married the daughter of a Scotchman, (who lived with a noble lord in the same capacity as Miss Macpherson's father) his name was Donaldson; he imagined she was a fortune but was sadly mistaken, for marrying her against the consent of her parents, they would not give her a shilling: and as the

old man had set her up in business, upon the discovery of the marriage, would neither give his assistance, nor let her stay in the house, but she must go from his injured sight, since she had disobeyed his commands, unless the husband would pay down directly one hundred pounds for the expences he had been at in furnishing the house and setting her up; if not, she must never expect to have any thing from him, and he would never see her more.—Mr. O' Trimmer produced the sum, and had the house and business. The mother, at first was like a madwoman; calling down every curse on her daughter's head, for undutifulness. Go where she would, she gave vent to her cruel nature; wishing she might soon suffer every plague in this life, and die in a state of wretchedness and despair. The poor creature soon felt the misery her mother wished her. The husband finding he had not succeeded according to his

his



his expectations, used her very ill; being seldom at home, continually spending his time abroad in drunkenness and debauchery: which last plague, his poor unhappy wife felt the effects of. Her mother, after some time, was prevailed on to come and live with them, to take care of the house, while she minded the business. Thus passed the first half year of their marriage.—They were in this state at my first coming to live with them.

The unhappy Mrs. O' Trimmer was one of the most amiable women I ever saw, deserving of a better fate.—In the midst of her illness, the mother kept tormenting her with her fault, and her husband's way of life; and telling her she deserved every vengeance Heaven could blast her with.—What a mother! She had not long before left an only son to linger out a miserable life in an hospital, labouring under a disease

disease which seldom gets pity from the wou'd be thought virtuous folks. They gave him not the least assistance, and there he perished.—Can these be parents, and have such barbarous hearts? but they were Scotch, and therefore, I may put some stop to my wondering at any cruelty they could be guilty of. English souls never cou'd be so lost, and dead to the sufferings of their children; their generous minds wou'd shudder at the very thought.—Mrs O'Trimmer being with child, grew worse and worse, and liv'd but a fortnight after her delivery. She breath'd her last at a lodging-house a little way out of town; where she was carried in the morning, in hopes that change of air might do her good: but it was decreed otherwise, for heaven thought fit to take her to a better place. The father and mother heard of her death with the greatest unconcern.—They never went to see her while she lay  
dead

dead (as surely then she had made atonement for her fault) nor followed her to the grave.

The unnatural behaviour of these parents, may make the reader think this account an invention of mine, owing to some prejudice that I had against the Scotch—No—'tis *too* true—would it were, for the credit of us Christian people, false; but numbers can testify to the truth of what I alledge.

The day Mrs O'Trimmer died, was the one Nelly gave me her written testimony on. The 2d day after, being Saturday, in the morning, Nelly and I went to see the last of poor Mrs O'Trimmer. As we were returning home, I was taken extremely bad with the tooth-ach, that we were obliged to go into a publick-house on the road, to see if I could get some ease; but  
it



it grew worse. In this cruel torture I continued till the afternoon, when it abated. The whole time of my misery, Nelly was every thing to confess a heart torn with the deepest anguish, to see what her ador'd did suffer. She gave a loose to all her fondness—said every thing that was possible to make me forget my pain.—There was a bed in the room, where I had thrown myself in the extremity of my pain; and she, without considering the impropriety of the action, threw herself on me, and gave herself up to the most poignant sorrow.

What did my heart feel, to see her, I lov'd, suffer so much for me! — Cou'd I ever think I shou'd injure this good and pitying creature?—In vain we say, thus far only will we go.—Situations, at *times*, are so critical, that it is not in the power of us mortals to resist, though, at the same  
time,

time, death and ruin stood before us: yet such is the extraordinary workings of our fate, that we fall, as it were, insensibly into what must end in our undoing. Towards the evening we returned home in a great fright, lest we shou'd be blam'd for our long absence; but the house was too full of confusion to mind us.—I still continued indifferent from what I had undergone. Nelly begg'd I'd go to bed, and said, as I can't think of sleeping out of the house to night, for fear you shou'd grow worse, I'll run to my mother's, and desire she'd let me lay here to night, and not at home as usual, it being Saturday night; and that Mrs Donaldson will not lay without me, her daughter not being yet buried: this excuse will not be amiss. Then I'll return and comfort my dear Ramble.—You are too good, I said, but do what your love directs; and till you return I shall be unhappy.—Away she flew!—I went to bed, and waited  
with

with much impatience till she came back, which was about nine o'clock—'twas dark—as she came into the room, she said, How does my Ramble?—and kneeling down by the bedside—he's better now I hope?—Here's his Nelly come to make him happy if she can.—I have leave to lay with Mrs Donaldson to night, therefore I've taken this opportunity (when all below stairs are too full of confusion to notice me) to come and be with my Ramble; and in this posture will I stay till they call me down to bed.——

What excessive kindness!—what love!—how cou'd I but adore this girl!—to see her, in spite of all her sex's pride, in this humble position—kneeling to me!—calling to mind how much she had suffered for me this day—and at present beholding her in the utmost grief on my account—there arose in me such an unusual desire,  
that



that I begg'd her to get up and lay on the bed by my side—and then—but what *followed* must be hid.—I must draw a curtain over what began my unhappiness.—After recovering her senses, which were lost the instant she lay down by me, she thus exclaimed—What have I done!—oh, I'm ruined for ever!—my Ramble has taken advantage of my weakness, and has undone me.—Kill me!—Stab me to the heart, and make an end of wretched me, ere you begin to hate me, for being *what I am*.—O! my Nelly, I reply'd, thou art dearer to me than ever; and on the contrary, sooner than hate you, I shall now begin to adore you.—I'm now sensible *you are mine*—I've found in you all that I wish in woman—I've now reap'd the first and sure testimony of a heaven, I wou'd not forego for all the world.—Oh! dry those tears, and come to these arms; your own—your husband's. I swear, you shall

shall never have cause to repent of this act of mine—if I'm not at present married to you, when time offers you shall find I can and will be every thing my Nelly can desire, to repay her for her present *loss*.—With such-like soothing words, she, at length, regain'd some of her former ease. But, oh! she said, if I had not the highest opinion of your honour and love, and that you will restore your poor lost Nelly to virtue, I'd tear myself to pieces, and fill the same grave as my poor unhappy mistress soon will do.—We had been together near two hours, therefore we thought it best to part, lest we might be surprized.

Mrs O' Trimmer was buried. — In a short time after, Nelly, one morning before I was up, came running into my room in a great fright, crying, we're ruin'd! — we're ruin'd! — What's the matter, I return'd,

turn'd, O! she answered, Mrs Donaldson, not yet satisfy'd with using *her* children cruelly, is beginning with us; she has found out how much we are together, and that I'm with you while you're in bed. She yesterday went and told my parents all. You may remember my father called in the evening, little did we think he then knew so much.—I wonder he said nothing! I'm to be sent home to day sooner than usual, (it being Saturday) and what I'm to expect when I get there, Heaven knows!

I begged she'd make herself easy, for while any thing remained in my power, towards rendering her happy, (in case of need) I was ready to bestow it.—In the afternoon I went with her as far as her mother's, but did not go in, fearing I might not be a welcome guest.—

E

I waited



I waited with much impatience, to know how this affair would end.—It turned out not so bad as we expected; her parents had taken her to task, blamed her for what she'd done, and said, they did not believe all Mrs. Donaldson had said, knowing her malicious disposition.—However, the father said she was much to blame.—He gave her up to do as she pleased, for he was sensible 'twas in vain to say any thing—and concluded with hoping she had prudence to take care of herself.—

The business was carried on by Mr. O' Trimmer, and Mrs. Donaldson was to stay as usual. The child lived a very short time after its mother. One Saturday evening, I intending to go home with Nelly, as usual, but being obliged to go out first at my return she was gone; but had left a note for me with the Forewoman.—Now I in a joke the day before, had told her  
 should

should go a journey out of town for a day or two, and that I would write to her.—— She imagined I was in earnest, and said, I must direct it for her at Mr. O'Grimmer's.——

*This was the note she left, and the first I ever received from her:* “I would not have  
“you send a letter as you promised, as I  
“shall be at my mother's till Tuesday,  
“without you consult the Forewoman,  
“and contrive some means how I can  
“get it.——I'm very unhappy at present.——I wish your journey may yield  
“you more pleasure than I shall enjoy in  
“your absence.—Can say no more——  
they are all in the room,—adieu then,—I wish you happy.”——

E. MACKPHERSON.

Saturday, April 18, 1772.

The

The next day I went into the country, that she might not find I had been jesting with her, and returned on the Tuesday following, when we soon forgot, in one another's arms, this *little* parting.

A short time after this, her father went with his Master into the country about fifteen miles off, for the Summer season.—We were not sorry at this,—as now we were more together than ever, I being with her of a Sunday, without controul.—Her mother would give her leave to go out a walking with me, but when her father was in town, I seldom enjoyed that pleasure.

Going home with her one Saturday evening, we had a little quarrel about some trifling thing or other, till at last it grew serious.—I among other things, told her she'd lost her usual fond manner of speaking,—which she knew gave me such  
pleasure;



pleasure; and that nothing made me so happy as when she uttered the dictates of her soul.—— She was rather stubborn, which made me recite all I had done for her, and the promise I had given her to make her amends for what she'd *lost*,—and much to this effect; and so we parted angry, one with the other.— The next Morning she being sent out by her mother, she took the opportunity of calling on me; when after staying some time and *adjusting our quarrel*, she told me, she was going to see a Scotch Lady of quality, (who was her mother's friend) she had heard of our intimacy, and had sent for her to know the truth: she got up to leave me, and blushing, gave me a letter, and was getting away as fast as possible.—I caught hold of her, and said, she should stay till I had perused the contents.——which were as follows:

*April*

*April 26, 1772.*

**Y**OUR discourse last night, made me truly unhappy,——what you told me, I know to be undeniable truths :—— I am convinced of it ! You certainly must think me void of reason, or you would not have talked so.——O ! Ramble, what a night have I spent ! You have cut me to the heart with your expressions !—— What can I say to you ?——Your answer is, I know,——“ Your heart will dictate “ what to say.” It shall—I will say my soul to you——I’m convinced you have done more than any man in this world would do——you have convinced me you love me, when on the contrary, I deserve your hate——I know it.——In return, I will hereafter make it my whole study to oblige you in every thing that  
is

is in my power ; —I will—it is but what I ought : —I am obliged to break off. — I can only say, you have my love to the utmost. —I need not tell you, that I wish for the continuance of yours. —My seeing you is very unexpected ; I did not know of it till this minute, —I'm going to a lady who sent for me just now ; I make this in my way if you have a particular desire to see me, call at our house between three and four in the afternoon. — I must see you, let the consequence be what it will.

E. MACKPHERSON.

After I had read it, I geered her a little about her letter, and we parted till the afternoon. —

One Monday afternoon, by the assistance of the Fore-woman, we got out to see a play



play at Covent Garden Theatre:—instead of which, a house thereabouts drew us in, and gave opportunity of enjoying a full completion of our wishes.—About eleven, we returned, sweetly fatigued with what we'd undergone.

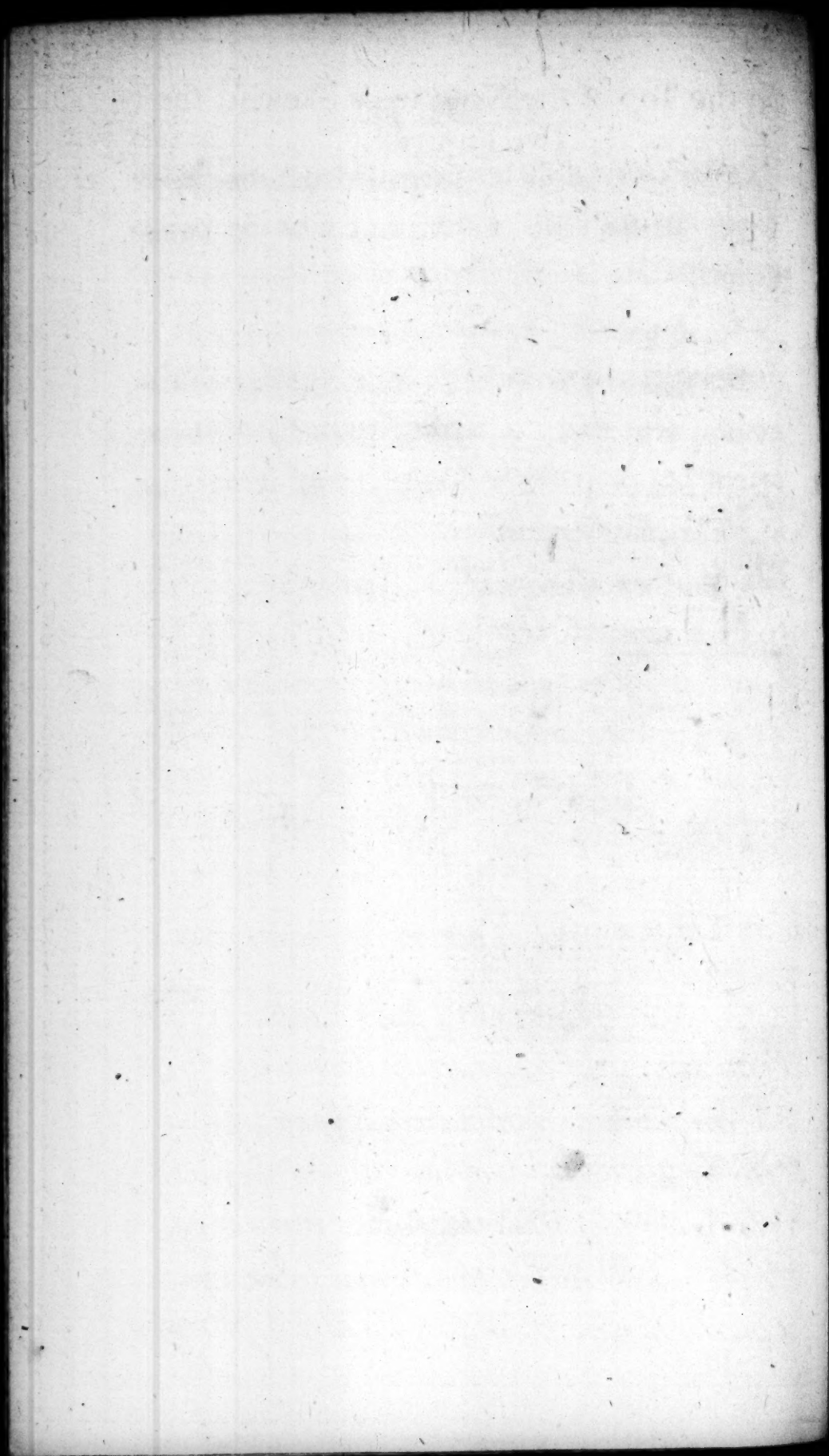
It being Summer time, I used to sit with the window open,—she would come in, and while I was drawing, hang over me, while I in so happy a situation pursued my work with the greatest pleasure. I received a note one morning, which I shall here present a copy of, and shew that our felicity was not unnoticed :

This

On the Top of the Note were Sketch'd these  
Two Figures.



And underneath these Lines  
*The bold and resolute, in love and War,  
To conquer, take the surest way:  
The boldest lover soonest gains the fair,  
As courage makes the rudest force obey:  
Take no denial, & the dames adore ye,  
Closely persue them, & they fall before you.*





This odd epistle surprised us much, I never being able to find out who it came from.——

Being at her mother's one Sunday afternoon, we had a little quarrel, which often happens with lovers, and serves as a fresh enticement to make them enjoy one another afterwards. There happening to be a deal of company, and I having no opportunity to talk to her, it made me very uneasy; she, unperceived by any of the people in the room, slipped this note into my hand:——

“Tell me, what I am to do?—or what I have done?—I can't bear to see you unhappy,—I am wretched!”

Her mother was a rigid presbyterian, neglecting every thing for her religion.—People, under the cloak of that, doing with her just what they liked; we often

had recourse to this method, to be out together.—

I taught some young gentlemen to draw, near Buckingham Gate, where I usually went three times a week ;—and seeing some pretty little houses just finished, I determined to have one ; for, as I really had honourable intentions towards my Nelly, I pitched on this place for our future residence.—

I took her to see the one I had taken, she was pleased with it prodigiously, and wished we soon might be in this retired place, to enjoy our loves unmolested.

I had continual proofs of her unfeigned attachment, by her doing every little office to please me.—After she had done her business of the day, she'd instantly come to my room, and work for me—

In

In short, doing every thing the most humble, slavish creature in the world, could do for hire.—In vain did I beg she'd not fatigue herself for me, the expence of another doing it would be so trifling,—that she had better take her ease, than thus continually work from morn' till night.—I beg, she said, as you love me, not to deny me this happiness ;—I know my Ramble loves industrious people, therefore I can't but be happy, while I'm sensible I'm not idle in his eye.—

Mr. O' Trimmer, by bad management, being unable to carry on the business, sought every occasion to dispose of it.—He made an offer to me, saying, I make no doubt but you will soon marry Miss Macpherson, and so come into the business at once ; I answered, I was much obliged to him for the offer, but it was not convenient for me to accept it.

Much



Much about this time, Mrs Donaldson and he had a quarrel, upon which she quitted the house, and went to lodge at Mrs. Macpherson's, they being intimate. Since her daughter's death; she began to droop and look as if she suffered within her mind.——After she'd been at Mrs. Macpherson's some time, she grew worse, always fearing to be alone, confessing that there was continually a devil tormenting her.——May I imagine this horrid conceit of hers, was owing to her cruelty to her children?—Yes!—God is a sure avenger, and therefore from this example, let each parent avoid being too barbarous to a child's fault, when time and a proper acknowledgment of the offence may make all whole again; lest such should be their fate.

Nelly and I now lived happy with one another, without any hindrance to our passion,

passion, seeing one another continually.— Her constant endeavour to please, made me love her more and more instead of abating my passion ; which, a full enjoyment generally palls.—I now admired her inward qualifications, which were every thing that I possibly could wish.—She now had lost all that air of pride and consequence which when first I knew her she used to affect : instead of which, a lovely, modest condescension appeared in all her actions.—

There was but one bad quality about her, (as the most valuable curiosity in the world has its faults) which was, a very stubborn behaviour ; and was the rise of numberless little quarrels which was soon made up again.—She however in the end, generally shewed her love in the highest degree.—I shall here recount one thing which had like to have put an end to all our happiness for ever :—One

Saturday

Saturday we had provoked each other in a terrible manner, and before she went home, in the evening, we went into Hide-Park to settle our quarrel—We came to an open eruption, I was so very mad with her, that I struck her several times; which, instead of making her worse, had the contrary effect; she presently changed her humour, and expressed how miserable she was in being possessed with this stubborn behaviour. I took hold of the opportunity, and argued much upon the ill consequences which might arise from it, and one time or other prove fatal to us. My words had such an effect on her; that she said, in a kind of despair, she'd presently rid me of her stubborn soul, and went towards the Serpentine River; I, willing to see how far she was in earnest, let her go on—it being pretty near dark, I lost sight of her, and beginning to be afraid lest I was carrying things too far, run after her, but



but before I could find her, or come up to her, she just got to the brink of the river. How was I pierced with horror, when I beheld her; she was all madness and despair; she had torn her hair, her face all swelled with tears; and I verily believe, had I not had the good luck to have been so quick as to catch hold of her, I don't know what her present condition might have urged her to.——

Oh! she cried,—Why do you stop me?—Why not let me now rid you of what will be your curse, your plague?—Let me go, and I'll instantly convince you how much I prefer your happiness to my own.—No, *my heaven*, I answered, though I were certain my continuing with you would lead me to death and ruin; though this were manifest, I'd take my Nelly in these arms, and laugh at what might come. In this happy reconcili-

ation

ation we return'd to her mother's.           

Mr. O' Trimmer having but little business to do, Mrs. Macpherson begged he'd let Nelly come home for a month to mind her house; for her health being rather precarious, she intended to take lodgings a little way out of town, where she should be occasionally: he consented: This was a heavy stroke to us,—but we were obliged to bear it with this consolation, that every evening and other opportunity, we would be together.           

I now began furnishing my little house; and prepared it for the reception of my dear Nell.—We used frequently to go and drink tea there.

One morning I received a note from her, we having settled the preceding  
night

night to go to Pimlico, to drink tea, and she was to call for me at Mr. O' Trimmer's, which was as follows :

My dear Ramble,

**M**Y mother has given me leave to come this afternoon, according to our agreement last night; I shall, therefore come as soon as I can.—I have had very odd dreams about you and I.—I have strange thoughts in my head about it—but I shall hope for the best.—I love you, remember that;—if you don't think it, endeavour to persuade yourself so.—I am afraid you was angry with me last night.—I hope to know when we meet.—Adieu.

*I'm Yours, for ever.*

There



There came now and then to her mother's, one Mr. M<sup>c</sup> Clack, who was an uncle by the mother-side, a great unhewn Scotchman, with all the pride and ignorance of his country——his face seemed an index to his mind——'twas expressive of hollow eyed Suspicion,——ill nature,——cruelty,——meaness, and avariciousness to a degree!——Such was this man!——this Scotchman.——A copy of a letter wrote by him to Nell, will, at once, shew his sentiments, qualification and learning, of which Scotland prides itself so much.——

*Glasgow,*

*Glasgow, December 18, 1770.*

Dear Nely,

**I** Dare say you Begin to thinks that you was not going to Recive a Letter from me at all But you see your mistake- ing I Suppose By this time for Certainly when you are Reading this Letter you will Know it Come from me De ye See. Dear Nely was I to write all my adventures since left you it would take up more time than I have to Spare for if youl Believe me. ye, see I am very Bu- sie However we come from London to Endr in 3 Days and 3 Nights from there we set out for Glasgow we had gone Half way I was at Dinner. when we heard that it was the preaching week and we Stept short to Hold a Counsil of war whither we Should go on or Cross over the

the Countray. till they were past I  
 Gained the Day & we was to go on  
 which we Did But O unfortunate there  
 had a great Snow faling and the Horsses  
 Being tired could not keep there feet  
 Had Just Got 1 Mile my Master Chang-  
 ed His mind ordered the Boy to turn  
 about & go Back to the inn again and  
 Next Day Set over, the Hills all Coved  
 with Snow you know I am Cold at any  
 time But only figure to yourself How I  
 must Be when the Boy had to get off his  
 hosses we out of the Chaise to Run to  
 Keep our Selevs warm  
 if Live to have the pleasure of Seeing  
 you I will preseed By word of Mouth the  
 Rest of my Journey, I would have rote  
 More but had not time bekaufe, de ye  
 fee. I was whileing to copie This and  
 make It correct Which I have sent you  
 —Remember



—Remember me to your Mother Betty  
Hedge &c wish you a merry  
Christmas and am

Dear Nely your Loving Uncle

friend & Wellwisher

WILL MAC CLACK

put the inclosed in the  
penny post Directly

W M C

Calling to see my Nelly one evening, she said, my uncle has been here putting strange things into my Mother's head about you, that she ought to know your intention towards me, and a great deal more to this purpose. You know Nelly I said to her, I've promised to do every thing in my power to make you happy, and I will not be worse than my word; and sure enough as soon as the mother came in, she took me aside, and said,—Well, Mr. Ramble, what am I to think of you and Nelly? —Here she goes out with you every where, and to your house at Pimlico—every body takes notice of it, therefore, I must now hear from your mouth what you mean; Ma'am, (I answered) your daughter shall never have cause to complain of me, and, while she continues to behave to me as she ought, there would be nothing in my power but what I'd do to make her happy:—the  
 mother

mother said, she did not understand my meaning, *of her daughter's behaving well to me.* Dear Ma'am, I went on, I love your daughter, and believe me to be what you wish, but do not ask me for an explanation of what would give you little satisfaction; and your daughter and me much unhappiness.—I'll tell you one time or other.——

She made this answer, Well, if you love my poor Nelly, and mean well towards her, I'm content, so let it rest.—I observed she was not satisfied at my words, I resolved not to be more explicit without she began first. Nelly of late had lost much of her bloom, and there remained a tender hue of a mind full of love;—the mother mistook the cause for some bodily disorder, therefore insisted she should go for some days to her lodging at Kensington, to retrieve her lovely  
vermilion



vermilion tint again, which, while love dwelt within her soul, she'd ne'er regain. A tender reclining of the head, a thoughtful pensive look; her eyes, instead of their usual fire, now only bore a dying blaze, and shewed the pleasure they enjoyed within whene'er they beheld the object that had reduced them to that languishing enchanting state.—She was a true picture of real love—unutterable joys were painted in her countenance, and she appeared a heav'n; which, with pleasure any one would have welcom'd death to have been in *possession* of for an hour.—

When her mother first hinted about her going, she refus'd, as thinking we shou'd not be so much together, and imagining I wou'd not consent. When she acquainted me, I thought she might as well go, if I was permitted to be with her the whole time; which her mother consented to.

Now

Now, those nights the mother was from home, I us'd to pass with my Nell, we could not resist the sweet opportunity of sleeping in one another's arms. — In the morning I us'd to steal out with no easy mind, I wonder we never were discovered — the neighbours surely must have seen me — be that as it may, we never heard a word of it; had any one beheld my face, they might very easily have guess'd *what I had been at*; — but all my misfortunes were reserved for one finishing stroke, to have the greater force; and level me to the earth never to rise again with either joy or ease; but a heavy load of griefs to press my soul, and make me wish for death, to end a wretched state like mine.

At length the day arriv'd that Nell and I was to go to Kensington; in the morning we set off, and a happy day it

F

was.

was.—In the evening the mother came to see how we went on ; after sitting some time, she said, Mr Ramble shall we go to London, it begins to be late.

—This was unexpected ; for Nell and I design'd to lay together ; and the method to bring it about was this : the next apartment to ours was taken by some people, who used to come and lay there sometimes : now I was to tell the master of the house I shou'd lay there, and then afterwards to go and pass the night in my Nelly's arms.—Mrs Macpherson wanting me to go home with her, puzzled me so that I didn't know what answer to give. I took Nelly aside, and bid her speak to her mother, that I might be there all night—the mother gave for answer, it was not proper ; besides, where was I to lay ? Nelly told her, at a publick-house just by ; and that she did not like to be in a strange place,



place, by herself, and no acquaintance  
 nigh.—At last Mrs Macpherson went  
 home by herself, where she afterwards  
 said—since the poor things love one  
 another so much, it would be a pity  
 to part them.—While we were enjoy-  
 ing the opportunity of being thus left  
 alone, and having in our thoughts the  
 pleasure which we propos'd to ourselves,  
 but our design was frustrated—the peo-  
 ple who belong'd to the other room hap-  
 pening to come.—How very unlucky !  
 —What was to be done ?—Nelly  
 said, that I shou'd take her bed, and she  
 wou'd set up all night in the room with  
 strangers, (they being two ladies.)—I told  
 her I wou'd not listen to that, but wou'd  
 lay in some room in the house on chairs,  
 and get some cloaths to cover me.  
 She, finding I was resolv'd, said, since  
 that was my intention, she'd take no  
 rest ; being sensible I should not have  
 any.

any. A little while after I betook myself to my purpos'd lodging: I had no rest all night; about day break I got up, and went to her chamber door, and gave a gentle rap——she open'd it directly — quite drest. — The poor girl had been as good as her word, for she had not been to bed. I took her in my arms, and we fell on the bed, and enjoy'd a few hours sleep, in a situation to be envied. The next evening brought the mother, whom we left returning to town; and we fail'd not to forget she was absent.—I had an excellent excuse at Mr O'Trimmer's for my laying out; they knew I had a house at Pimlico, therefore I told them I lay there.—When I return'd home in the morning, I found Mr O'Trimmer had broke his leg in the following manner: He and some friends, the evening before, enjoying themselves in the dining-room;

room; in the midst of their jolity O'-Trimmer, out of a frolick, must needs jump out of the window, whereby he got this misfortune—which confin'd him to his bed, and in danger of losing his leg. — This accident I've often thought was a punishment for his so soon forgetting his unhappy wife: but heaven's the best judge. — Nelly and I being now continually together, (and our affections stronger than ever) we cou'd not bear the least idea of being otherwise; and as the father was coming to stay in town, we knew too well he wou'd be a great bar to that happiness; therefore we settled the following plan: that we might not know the misery of being less together than usual. — To get first the mother's consent, and afterwards the father's. To let her (as O'Trimmer was expected to give up the business every day) have part of my house, and set up  
in



in her business; she being sure her father wou'd do very little for her, therefore she thought it most adviseable to take care of herself. I idly thought they might listen to this, by which, living in the same house with me, I shou'd still have greater proofs of her disposition, and when I married her, expect to find no alteration from what she was before. Generally the case now a-days is, two young lovers enter into the marriage state without being acquainted with any qualification either possess, more than the outward appearance; possession soon takes that blindness off, and they begin to see too late the shocking difference in their tempers; then proceeds the miseries and continual jars which we are daily witness of. This wou'd not be our case, being so well acquainted with one another's very souls, we might expect a continued scene of happiness. —

After

After we had properly adjusted our plan, Nelly was to break it to her mother the first opportunity. One morning I receiv'd this letter from her.——

*Thursday, August 27, 1772.*

My dear Ramble,

**I** Last night acquainted my mother with my proposals;——but I little thought they wou'd have met with such a terrible reception. —— She was like a mad woman. —— She said, she never imagin'd a daughter of her's cou'd have thought of such dishonourable doings; and a hundred such sayings. —— I set every thing to the best advantage I possibly cou'd; but all in vain.——Indeed I'm wretched—I don't know what to do. We talked from the time you went away till past twelve o'clock. 'Tis impossible to tell you half till I see you. When first

I told

I told her, she thought we intended to marry; but when I undeceived her, I thought she would have killed me—— What will the world say of you?—Your father will go mad at such proposals:—it convinces me that Mr. Ramble has no regard either for yourself or character, and such like. She said she would rather forfeit all she was worth than consent to it.—My father, she was sure, would rather break my neck, and so on.—He is not come to day as expected: I have proposed our going to Kensington this evening; my answer was, you must please to stay at home, because I'm going there to drink tea with some friends.—

I beg you will come to tea—do my dear Ramble, 'tis your Nelly asks you. Come at four: you must think I have a deal to tell you; and what my mother advises us to do—this is waited for.

Adieu,



Adieu, my Ramble, make haste to comfort your miserable

ELEANORA MACPHERSON.

I hope for a line or two.—Whatever you do, don't fail coming.

I sent this answer.

Since my dear Nelly wishes so much for her Ramble to *comfort* her, I'll not fail to obey her desire as soon as possible ; from her faithful

RAMBLE.

Thus was this unthinking scheme of ours brought to an end ; which, had we but considered on it, we might have been sensible, would have met with such a refusal ; but how often does reason leave us mortals, to the dictates of a few pleasing ideas.

The month being expired that Nelly was to stay at her mother's I expected

her to come the ensuing Monday to her business. The morning before O'Trimmer sends one of his girls, to tell Mrs. Macpherson, that she might keep Nelly; for they had no occasion for her at present, as he expected to give up the business soon. When the girl returned, she said she had delivered the message, to the mother and Nell: for they were shelling of peas in the shop. — Nelly had promised me, she would never on any account be in the shop; because I did not like she should be seen by all comers, as formerly. — Now this neglect of her promise, and taking not the least trouble to stop her being at home, as we before had agreed, in case any thing of that sort should happen, — made me excessive angry. — In the afternoon, she called upon me at O'Trimmers, to go with her to Kensington, to drink tea. — I did not speak to her all the way, nor she to me;

me: in this silent mood we arrived at the lodgings: after we were sat down, she asked me, what was the matter?— I determining to terrify her a little for what she had done, caught her by the throat, and furiously said, — you have disobeyed me! first in being in the shop this morning, after you so solemnly promised you would never be there again, and your so silently hearing, you was not to come to O'Trimmers again, without saying one word to the contrary. — Did that shew you wanted to be with me! did that shew you loved me! — Now where is your flattering tales to delude me, as usual;—your vows! your protestations!— ah, I'm ashamed at your deceit. — Oh Ramble, she cried — blame me not, I do not deserve it. — My being in the shop was intirely owing to chance, the girls coming in when I was going through, and hearing that she had something to say

of.



of me, I stopped — indeed. I am conscious I was wrong in urging nothing to hinder my staying at my mother's, — there I was guilty, O yes, I replied, you was indeed. Where's your boasted resolution, your pretended courage now ! did you put either in force when there was need of it ?

The tea things being brought in, she uncovered the pot, and without any ceremony put her finger in the scalding water. — See, she said, if I have any resolution, — let this convince you : and if I this morning neglected to use it, the next occasion I will despise every thing, sooner than you shall have cause to blame me again, here shall my finger stay till you take it out ; here shall it suffer till the water's cold, if you think I deserve any punishment for what I have done. — I instantly took her finger out, and willing

to have further trials of her constancy, I cried, this is all art, — I will see whether there is need of the resolution you pretend. Upon which I put my finger in, and saying (quite otherwise than what I felt) this is nothing — thou false deceiving devil! — I hate you! — you make my life one continued scene of misery, — I will now be revenged on you for all your plagues to me, taking up a knife, and throwing her on the bed, I roared out, now will I search that heart of yours and see whether it is foul, or spotless. —

O Ramble; she cried, with an irresistible look of love and terror, will you kill your Nelly? Can you have the heart to do it? O change those frowns, kill me not with them, smile but on me, and then strike this faithful bosom, which then will bleed with pleasure, since it is my dear Ramble's will to see his Nelly wel-  
 -tring

tring in her gore, — if he can have the heart to kill me. — Kill you ! I cried, I will sooner tear my soul, and dam myself to all eternity, than hurt you ! thus, thus will I murder you, (taking her in my arms) and send your soul to heaven : and there, in a pleasing ecstatic agony of consummate bliss, die on my Nelly's bosom, and follow her to the *realms of undescribable delights*, and then be repayed indeed for all the torment we now have suffered.

Having set to music the following Cantata, I sung it to Nelly one evening in one of our intervals of *pleasure*. The Subject was, a gentleman had debauched a young creature, and afterwards left her, the excessive grief she felt for his usage soon sent her to the grave : he after a short time became a prey to his conscience ; the injured ghost of the girl was

continu-



continually in his mind, till he died.—  
Some time before his death he wrote this  
Cantata, which I think none but the per-  
son who really felt what's here described,  
could ever have wrote such an excessive  
heart-rending piece as this.

RECITAT.

'Twas darkness ! — silent darkness all around,  
And night her sable curtain close had spread,  
When Florio rais'd him from the dew damp ground  
And sought the gloomy mansions of the dead. —  
As o'er his lost Maria's tomb he hung !  
Piercing the night's dull ear, — a voice thus sung.

A. I. R.

Why those sighs, and tears fond youth,  
Thy Maria rests not here :  
Rewarded for her love and truth,  
Now she guides yon stary sphere.  
Lo ! I clear thy mortal sight,  
Now look up to heav'n and see ;  
Where she sits in robes of light,  
Nor wastes a moment's thought on thee.  
Yet

Yet seal'd for falsehood black as thine,  
 Trembling hear thine own sad fate;  
 Ever shalt thou droop and pine,  
 And sorrow all thy steps shall wait.

## R E C I T A T.

With horror chill'd, the youth astonish'd stands;  
 Be this my fate, since heav'n's will commands:  
 But shall not penitence, he cry'd, atone?  
 Despair straight answer'd :—Death for death alone.

## A I R.

Ye gay, ye frolick youth beware,  
 Nor ruin the too easy fair :  
 Deceive not her that trusts to you,  
 Lest Florio's fate shou'd be your due.

After I had sung it, I turn'd round to  
 ask Nelly her opinion; and behold! she  
 was sitting in a mournful posture, and  
 her face drowned in tears.—I went to  
 her, and took her tenderly by the hand,  
 and said :—What's the matter? O,  
 Ramble, she reply'd, after crying and  
 sobbing

robbing for some time, and looking on me with dying eyes.—Will you ever leave me so?—Leave you, I replied, impossible! what, after I have had so many proofs of an unchangeable love as thine; after being sensible you never can deceive me!—After beholding this charming face adorned with those soul melting tears! after considering on the fate of unhappy Florio! to think of leaving you!—No, Nelly, have not the least idea *that Ramble* will ever be able to do it.—Take care, I went on, the case may not be changed, and your poor Ramble left to linger out his miserable days despised and forgot, by her, who he thinks life useless, unless to spend it on her bosom. How shall ye rest for ever, she cried—O happy me! I see how much my Ramble loves; and if I thought I could entertain a thought tending to the prejudice of my Ramble, I'd beat against that



that wall my treacherous head till I drove the vile idea to hell, from whence it came.—Here was a girl! nay, an angel: for sure, no mortal could ever be such a blessing to man as she.

Mr. O'Trimmer had at last disposed of his business, and the people who bought it was to come in at Michaelmas, which was very nigh. It was high time for us to look about, for if something was not soon done, we dreaded the father would turn her over to the new comers.—She supposed as soon as he came to town it would be settled: at last, he arrived; Nelly met me the same evening at Pimlico, and said, My father is come, but he goes back again to-morrow morning, and takes my mother with him, who this night is to ask him what he intends to do with me and you.—I went with her home, but would  
not

not stay, as disliking to see the father at that time—at the best, I never was very happy when in his company. He would indeed, in a sneering way, ask me how I did; and afterwards, if I stayed ever so long, would never take notice of me. I could not bear it; if he had liked my connexions with his daughter, he would have behaved more civil: if, on contrary, he did not approve of my being with her, why did he not tell me so, not treat me with such contempt.—But there dwelt a close, cunning, designing disposition in him: in short, never speaking to his wife or children, but on absolute occasion; never giving the least assistance towards maintaining the family, but left his wife to do that; and tho' he generally received best part of the profits, has left her to my knowledge, without money, and tho' he's been entreated for it by her,

her, has left her to get it where she could. Here was a fond husband! and as for a father worse. Nelly has told me such stories of his cruel behaviour towards her, when she always made it her study to please him, that I've been led to conclude he never could be the father of such a nonpariel as my Nelly. As for a proof of the overflowings of his heart towards his *dear* child, in the following letter may be seen both an example of Scotch education, and parental fondness: it was wrote to her while she was in the country, the summer before I got acquainted with her, and a short time before she was prenticed.

London 19 July 1771.

Dear Daughter

**W**E have Rece'd Yours yesterday we are very Glad to hear Mr. & Mrs. W—— and Mefs is in perfect



feſt health & wiſhes A Long & Laſting  
 Continuance thereof and they have been,  
 pleaſed to Give you Leave to Stay Some  
 Days Longer at woolwich we have, no  
 Objection But hopes youll Be not  
 Troubleſom, I am Extreameſly Obliged to  
 Mr. W——l &c, for his Obliging in-  
 vitation But my Hands and fingers Being  
 at preſent writing Deept in Brick and  
 & Mortar Binds me So faſt as Not to Be  
 Able to Perform my promiſe But ſtill  
 hopes Before the Seaſon is Over to be at  
 Woolwich—the Building in the yard is  
 not near finiſhd Nor Do I Know when it  
 will, I intend Going to windſor on Sun-  
 day Morning and Stay there Till the  
 Later End of the week—A Servant from  
 ha——th Came here Laſt Night For ve-  
 niſon And Told us Mr. S——n his  
 Extreameſly ill And No Hopes of Reco-  
 very—. Your mother & All of us is  
 Very well & Deſires our humble Com-  
 plements

plements to Mr. & Mrs. W—— &  
Miss with All Other Good Wishes Rest  
Your

Loving father

RODCK MACPHERSON

P. S I am sorry you have not more  
Linning<sup>g</sup> with you having so few, but I  
had no notion of your Staying so Long  
here.——

Here was a fond father with a witness!  
I now will proceed to give other proofs of  
his affection towards his family on my  
account.—The next morning after Nell  
had been with me in the preceding even-  
ing, and we expected to hear his inten-  
tion as before hinted at, she sent me the  
following letter, which surprized me, I  
expecting she would call on me, having  
promised me so.

“ My

“ My Father is just gone this morning, and would not take my mother with him—she is so ill indeed, she could not go; on that account I’m obliged to stay at home.—I am not much better—Indeed, I’m almost mad.—They have talked it all over last night, and his determination will ruin us both; he’ll do nothing for me; *I am to be turned over*—but I’ll die first.—For Heaven’s sake, come to me directly: if you have had such a night as I have had, you won’t have many more; all the devils in hell have tormented me:—’tis impossible to describe what I feel.—We are to be compleatly wretched; my dear Ramble, I’m desperate; I don’t know what to do; if you love your miserable plague, come and let me make you wretched as myself. I thought we suffered enough last night; but there is no end to our misery. Farewel! I beg you will come as soon as possible;



possible; pray do, my dear Ramble; you  
*can comfort* your, and only your, distressed

“ELEONORA MACPHERSON.”

When I got there, I found my poor girl distressed indeed. O Ramble, she cried, what will become of us; in vain has my mother laid out the ill effects to my father of my being turned over; he will not hear any thing to the contrary; he says I have been expence enough to him already; therefore, if I was not to return, I must go out to journeywork; but my mother says, she'll sooner spend her last farthing, and keep me to do nothing, than I should be turned over; she likewise mentioned you and me to him, with regard to our coming together: he replied, A husband! a rod! What, such a baby as she to think of a husband! Such unfatherly behaviour as this, and some other things, has thrown my  
 mother

mother ill. Go into the bed-room and speak to her. I went in, and found her a-bed. Ma'am, I said (taking her by the hand) Nelly has informed me what we are to expect—How unfortunate!—O, Mr. Ramble, she replied, my husband has been unlike a father—What's to be done with my poor child?—Ma'am, I returned, if she is turned over, it will be the ruin of us both. I shall quit Mr. O'Trimmer in a few days, to go and live at my house at Pimlico; and I know Nelly will never stay with these new people; she will be only with me; she says nothing shall part us:—you must be convinced of this by her behaviour to me.—I am, indeed, she said: I am sensible what an extraordinary fondness ye have for each other; and if my husband is thus determined, I shudder at the consequence.

G

I called

I called Nelly in.—Come here my life, and convince your mother with your own mouth what will be the end of your being put to these people.—Oh, mother, she said, if I am forced to go there, I shall not stay long; I cannot live without my dear Ramble—nothing shall part us—forgive me when I say I love him too much to suffer any separation: no, I am his; and spite of my father's cruelty, I'll continue to be the same. —Now you see, my dear Ma'am, I went on, what will be the consequence:—look here (taking Nelly in my arms, and kissing her) look upon us both!—Are we to be separated? Do you think we can bear such a thought?—No, she said, bursting into tears, I'm sure of all you have both alledged. Upon which, Nelly and I knelt down by her, and joined our tears with hers; she took us in her arms, and blessed us.—What a tender scene was this!



this ! I never was so touched in all my life !—We left her, and went into another room ; where we, in one another's arms, mourned the approaching storm.

A short time before this, I learned that Mr. Hefslebourg was missing from his lodgings—none knew the reason—there was various conjectures passed. I said to Nelly, poor Hefslebourg I'm afraid has met some cruel fate ! I believe a broken heart has been the occasion of his being absent !—O Nelly, I tremble when I think of my situation ; were I to lose you as he has done, despair would soon (like poor Hefslebourg) drive me, perhaps, from this kingdom, a wandering wretch, or finish my unhappy being. For Heaven sake, she cried, banish these thoughts : I am sorry for Mr. Hefslebourg ; but what could I do—I never loved him ; therefore I could not be justly said to deceive :

ceive : if his despair for loving me has made him take some rash step, I hope Heaven will not think I have been the cause, and punish me for what I could not help. May it be so, I answered ; I think our lives are not so wicked and abandoned, as to meet with any singular fate : but we must wait, and leave it to a merciful God, who surely will not delight in punishing his creatures. Mrs. Macpherson went, a short time after this, for a day, into the country : in the morning, I received this note from Nelly.

“ My dearest Ramble,

“ My Mother is this minute gone ; and your Nelly expects you to come directly : if you are in as great a hurry to come as I am to see you, you will make haste.

“ ELEANORA MACPHERSON.”

Twenty minutes after nine,

Sept. 11, 1772.

We

We now settled that Nelly, when her father came to town (which would be in about a week) for her, to speak herself, and make him sensible what was for her good and happiness, and of my intentions towards her. I will, she said, convince this unkind father of mine, I can do what neither his threats nor punishments shall prevent. A day or two after this, it being Saturday Nelly sent me the following note, which O'Trimmer's people never gave me till the evening.

"My dear Ramble,

"I am very ill, and wish to see you directly."

Saturday Morning.

How the perusal of this shocked me, she having sent it in the morning, and finding I did not come when she'd wrote, and when ill too!—I trembled to think

what



what must be her sufferings; she must imagine I lov'd her not.—Away I flew to her mother's; the maid shewed me into the parlour; no Nelly! no mother! while I was considering on this, from the inner bed-room, I heard a voice in a feeble manner, cry Ramble, Ramble, will you not come to me; must I call in vain! or do you mean to let me die without seeing you.—Oh, Heavens! I cried, is that my Nelly? And in I went; 'twas dark, and feeling about, her hand cold and feeble caught hold of mine, and tenderly squeezing it, she mournfully said; O Ramble, where have you been all this day, so as to forget your poor Nelly? Could not I draw you to me, when I sent and told you I was ill? O, you love me not. Could you but think on what I've suffered this day, your heart, cruel as it is, would pity me, what with the anguish of my malady,

lady, and torture of not seeing you.—O my dear injured girl we've been deceived, I had not your note till just now, and with the bitterest sorrow at my heart (for what you have felt this day) have I hither run, and here I find my poor loving girl tasting the miseries of a sick bed, and fancying that her Ramble could hate her.—Is it so? She replied: but I will not doubt, I know you love me, and couldnot use your poor Nelly so ill.—Pardon me, when I called you cruel, the trouble I suffered in not seeing you, made me speak that unjust word. Oh! this kind kiss tells me, my Ramble feels for me: indeed, I never thought I should see you again; I have had two sad fits to day; after the first I sent to you, about an hour afterwards (finding you did not come) I had another; and must I, I cried, never see my Ramble more! must I leave this world without taking a  
last

last adieu, and go from hence with the horrid thought that he hates me? These are the miseries that I've endured this day; but Heaven has repaid me for all my griefs, in finding you do not hate your poor Nell, and being sensible of which, I feel new life.—Thou sweet angel, I returned, be comforted, I am thine, and will, so long as reason and life lasts. The mother coming in, we parted: the next day I found her much better, and we took a walk in the evening to Pimlico, where I told her I should come there for good the next day.—I hired a little girl to do the business of the house, so by the assistance of my Nelly and her, I entered to my little paradise with the utmost joy.—Part of the house I had let to an Italian and his wife, clean sober people.—Nelly failed not to come every evening, and some times for a whole day, and spite of all I could



could say, would submit to do every servile office, and expressing the utmost pleasure in being of any service.

Mr. Macpherson came at last to town, Nelly called and told me of his arrival. Now, says she, I'll convince my Ramble of my resolution; I saw her home about eight o'clock. Next morning she came to me to breakfast, and with a heavy countenance said, my father is gone out of town again, and tho' I begged in the most earnest manner he'd hear me speak, it did not signify, he said he had no time, but the week afterwards he should come to town for good, and would settle every thing to all our satisfaction, as he understood what she would impart.—Well, I replied, mayhap his heart may have relented, and being sensible of our affections,

tions, will settle us to our wishes. Heaven grant he may, she replied.

About a week afterwards he arrived; that same day I expected Nelly to come as usual: the morning passed, no Nelly came.—I was much surprized: in the afternoon I was obliged to go out for a short time; at my return, I found her writing a note, which I took and read, as follows:

My dearest Ramble,

**M**Y father is come; I and my mother have been asking his consent; I run down to tell you how I went on, and I wished to have seen you; but you must come to-night:—it is neither yes nor no yet; but I think it will be decided to-night; it was received neither way as we expected:—he is very well pleased with every thing, but I have  
been

been here a good while, and must go; be sure and come, my dearest Ramble, your Nelly expects you soon. I wish I could stay, for indeed I want to see you. I shall soon be with you, never to part.

ELEANORA MACPHERSON.

Thursday afternoon.

I could not think of letting her go, and after some persuasion she consented to stay, and about eight o'clock I went with her home. I said, I would not see her father, I'd leave it all to her management, for she now was come to the great proof of all, therefore, I'd see what she'd do for her Ramble's sake. Well, says she, I'll now begin my trial, and I make no doubt of soon convincing you what I'll do for love: if my father will not do what we desire, that is, give his consent and assistance, I'll—but I won't tell you my intention, as when I have put in execution



execution my intended design, I shall surprize you the more pleasingly. After I'd left her, I returned home to wait the event of this night, which was to determine our happiness or misery.

### END OF THE SECOND PART.

### PART THIRD.

**T**HE next morning (being Friday) about six o'clock, as I lay considering what would be the event of this affair, I heard a loud knocking at the street-door: the Italian got up and opened the door, some body came running up stairs, and directly entered my chamber; and who should it be but my Nelly;

Nelly, wet to the skin: I was not much surprized, because she had come several times as soon of a morning as this, and stayed the whole day, since I had been in this house.—Well, says she, I'm come; what, for all day? I returned. Yes, she replied, and for ever; look here, (pulling from under her cloak two large bundles) let this convince you I'm come, never to leave my Ramble more. Its needless to say how surprized I was; after my wonder had abated somewhat, I said, for Heaven's sake, tell me the meaning of all this; your saying you're come for good, astonishes me beyond conception.—After pulling off her cloak, and throwing herself down by me, she said; yes, I am come for good; I now cast myself upon your love and mercy; I now shall be sensible whether what I've now done, will render me for ever happy or miserable.—The first opportunity I had



had last night of speaking to my father, I thus addressed him, Sir, you must now give me a final answer what you'll do for us; for as we intend to marry, we should be happy to know what assistance you will give us: I told him how much I loved you, and that I could not live without you.—He evaded an answer a long time, but finding me resolute.—Well, says he, I'm not against Mr. Ramble's having you, since you seem so set upon it, but you must never expect any thing from me; it's out of my power to give you any thing, you've been expensive enough to me already; you're now at liberty to pursue your inclination, I've done with you,—and a deal more to this effect, which was so contrary to what I expected, and so much unlike what I fancied a father could utter, that I was almost choaked with passion, so that I could say no more to him.—He  
and

and my mother went to bed; I've employed myself all this night in collecting these few things, for as I found I had nothing to hope from my father, I was resolved to be with you in the morning, let what would happen. My mother getting up soon, and seeing my hat and cloak on, asked me, with some surprize, where I was going? I told her, to my husband; for since my father would give me no assistance, I could stay no longer from him who had most right to my company.—What says my mother, you are married then? Yes, I answered; I thought so, she went on, I suspected it long ago; but you won't go at this time of the morning? Yes, I will, I replied, I will not stay a moment longer from him, and so I set off, she not hindering me.—So thus, wet, and heavy laden with what I could conveniently bring away, I'm come to my Ramble,  
and

and hope I shall find a welcome: I made her no answer, but got up directly, and then put the exiled ribband on my guitar, and shewing it her, I said, look here.—You remember this token.

Now you have made me happy beyond measure, I am now fully satisfied you are all my soul can wish, for this amazing proof, I will soon make a proper return, and by marrying you make us inseparable indeed. —But we will first see how your father and mother takes this elopement of thine, and then we will put in practice my purpose of marriage. I'll now tell every one, that we are married, and so this day, this happy day, shall be the first of our real joy and felicity. — With pleasure I consent, she said, to what you propose, and were you never to put in execution your promise I should not repine, while you loved me. Nay, so much.



much I am yours, I verily believe sooner than be out of your sight I could bear to see you married to another, and spite of my sexes pride wait on you both. I answered, you never shall have cause to put yourself to such a proof as that, no, within these arms my Nelly shall ever rest, and while she can find happiness here, I shall never be otherwise than at present, her happy, loving, faithful Ramble.—Did she not by this last action give sufficient proof that she was, and only could be mine, did she not now repay the sufferings and troubles I had undergone on her account, did she not now neglect every thing for me. Her father and mother cared not what the world might say against her, all, all despis'd for me.—her relying on my love and honour to recompence her, her uncommon——in short so much had she now got the possession of my soul, that I was determined

terminated for ever to adore her, as a gift Heaven in its utmost bounty could possibly bestow on Mortal Man.

We went down stairs and began to settle the buisness of our future days—The little Girl I had to do the work of the house, I discharg'd, Nelly insisting no one should do any for me, but herself, she considering my interest as her own—Before she began to work, she said, Now will I divest myself of all the self assuming airs, that Women take upon themselves, (forgetting how uncooth they become them) and have no passions but love, and humble submission, and give an example what a Woman ought to do, to remain ever happy with the Man they love ; the fury of desire being soon damp'd by possession. Such behaviour as I mean to pursue, will gain your affection,

tion, and render each other blest for ever.

Here was a beginning of happiness—  
 Here was a prospect of an eternal round  
 of never ending joys. I believe, no Woman enter'd the Path, my Nelly had struck out—From these sentiments of her, may each tender loving Girl, take the sure road to be for ever blest; the Man having a due sense of such humility, and resign'd condescension, can never take advantage to use them ill—but silent praise their maker, and fancy Heaven is here below!—But alas! we are not ordained to taste such compleat delights, long on this Earth, least we should not enjoy the promis'd feat of bliss in the World to come.

In the afternoon the Mother came, and said, what is this true that Nelly has told!



told me? I answer'd, it is indeed, we are married: very well, she said, but I would be glad if you would tell me where. No Madam, I reply'd, I will not do that—No, she returned, if you do not, you must expect no favour from me, or my Husband. This unexpected attack, put me to a stand; she notic'd my confusion, but I soon regain'd my confidence, and said, since Mr. Macpherson behaved so much unlike a Father last Night, in refusing Nell his assistance, he must not expect me to behave like a Son, and satisfy him in this, it will be some revenge on our sides, for his denying us the part of a Father—You Madam, I look upon as a Mother, excuse me telling you where we were Married, but rest assured that we are so; we were married April the 4th, (meaning the Day I enjoyed my Nelly!) and thus kneeling we ask a blessing from  
you,

you, and hope you will not deny it us. No, she said, putting her hands on us, Heaven bless you both, and may you long enjoy all the happiness of a married state. She now seemed quite satisfied, and took something out of her pocket, which she said she had brought for her, *now Nelly Ramble*, and would send her cloaths with other necessary to morrow, and so left us. Well, says Nelly, you went through this interview prodigious well, I was in great pain all the time, least you should not be able to ease my Mother's scruples ; as for my Father I suppose he will not condescend to take any notice of us, but he may do as he pleases. —In the evening, to our surprise, Mr. Donaldson came, and begged from the Father that we would tell where we were married, I answered him much to the same purpose as I did Mrs. Macpherson ; he said that would never do, I must  
tell

tell directly, or else Mr. Macpherson would never take any notice of us. I answered, he might do as he pleased, but I should still continue in my resolution. After some more discourse to the same purpose, away he went—Sure, said I to Nelly, we shall have your Father next, but we are prepared.

When we retired to rest, I clasp'd her in my Arms, and said, have I got you here at last, and in all likelihood to hold you thus for ever.—As for your Father denying his assistance, we will hold as a *Trifle*. I hope my business, with proper industry and care, will enable us to live, if not splendidly at least happily.—O ! my Ramble she said, I despise all vain pomp and shew, your love and a bit of dry bread will satisfy my utmost wishes.—happy ! in each others arms, we will laugh at all the idle pleasures of the  
World,



World, nor wish to know a joy beyond what we can *give each other*.

We settled, that at her leisure hours she should work at her business; therefore the Monday following, we went into the City, and purchased all the necessary utensils, that she might begin.— After we had been at home a short time, the Mother called on us— I am come, she said, for the last time to know where you were married—if you still continue obstinate, you will never be considered by us as Children, and I will never see you any more, but if you will inform us, you may expect great things from us — these are my Husbands orders, therefore consider what will be the consequence of your continuing to deny us the satisfaction we require.—I am grieved beyond measure, I returned, that I could not oblige her, my resolution was fix'd, and  
neither

neither threats nor promises should avail, upon which she in angry mood said, we might repent our obstinacy, so departed with tears in her eyes. Nelly and I was much grieved to see the Mother suffer, as for the Father, we did not much lament for him.

The next day passed—we heard no more from them; we now thought they had left us to ourselves—secure in that thought, the morning after I went out about some business—I was gone about two hours—at my return, coming through Buckingham Gate, who shou'd I meet, but Mr. Macpherson and Mr. Donaldson. The sight of them had such an effect on me, being uncertain what they had been doing with my Nelly, (they coming from my house) that I had not power to move so as to get out of their sight—they came up to me—Mr.

H

Mac-

Macpherson very ceremoniously taking off his hat, said, pray, Sir, what am I to understand from all this affair—Sir, I said, we had better go into this Tavern, and there we will talk about it—We went into a private Room : he thus began—What is the reason you both continue obstinate in refusing to tell me where you was married: I have just come from your Wife, it must not be thought but that she is so, who like a stubborn Hussy as she is, refuses to give her Father an answer ; I verily believe had not Mr. Donaldson been with me, I should not have contained myself from doing her a mischief.——What end do you propose by all this, tell me, I'm determined to be satisfied, —— — I was put to a stand, and at a loss what answer to give him ; by my silence I dreaded his anger, and by telling the truth, I imagined I might lose my Nelly : dis-  
tracted



tracted with these fears, I could not reply to his threatening questions — Why, don't you speak he cry'd. — Sir, I reply'd (must'ring up what courage I could) I will speak, and since you force me to answer you — know Sir, the reason why I will not satisfy you is, because you paid no regard to your Daughter's request when she begged your consent to our marriage and refusing your assistance. Was she a proper person he returned, to talk to me on such a subject, why did not you take that office on yourself, you never yet was the Man to say to me what you intended towards my Child — Sir, I answered, nor you the Man whenever I came to your house, to take any notice of me, but treat me in a contemptuous manner, was that encouragement for me to speak on such an affair as marriage — Well said he, what is it you want of me — do you expect a great fortune with her.

— Sir,

—Sir, I replied, you need not insult me——I want no more than what you may easily spare—you never can think, he said, that I am to distress myself and Family, and give you a large sum of Money: it is out of my power to do much at present, but in time I do not know what may happen; and now if you will not tell me what I have desired, I shall commence a Suit of Law against you directly, and make you prove your marriage, if you did marry her (as my Wife tells me) so long ago as last April.—You must both have forsworn yourselves; (she being under age) I have consulted several eminent people about it, who all conclude I can cast you, and then consider what will be the consequence——therefore as that will be the case, tell me now, and all shall be well.——

What was I to do——thus pressed by such forcible truths, at least I knowing  
nothing

nothing to the contrary. But I have since been informed, he could not have obliged me to an answer, but that must be left to the judgment of such of my readers who understand these matters.

While I was considering on what to say to him—a thought entered into my head, which I imagined might give me time to consider what answer to give him, or at the least get from him—I thus said : Sir, if you will give me leave to go home I will send some time in the evening an answer to your demands—if you go he replied, I must have an answer within these two hours, for as I set off for Bath this Night, and have first to go into the City, I cannot give you longer time—I told him he should hear from me in two hours, and so we parted, I very happy in such a deliverance, and flying to my Nell, whom I found in a most distressed



distressed situation — we with unusual ardour flew to each others arms—and after some time, she said, my father's been here — I know it, I replied, I have been with him, I met him at Buckingham Gate, he has perswaded and threatend me for an answer, and not chusing to give one before I saw you, I invented the scheme of sending him a written one, that I might get from him, and consult you about it: O Nell I see you have suffered much in my absence; tell me what has passed, — O Ramble she cried, when my Father and Donaldson first came, I was afraid I should never see you any more; he began raving, and said, he did not believe we were married, tell me he cried, are you a Whore or not——I giving him no answer, he went on and swore he would lay *me fast* if I would

not

not tell him where we were married—at last finding all his threats in vain, he began to stamp about the room. O cries he, was your Husband here, I would trample him under my feet, I would tear you both in pieces—Indeed I expected he would do me a mischief. Finding you did not come, he and Mr. Donaldson went away, after cursing us both in such a horrid frightful manner as makes my blood run cold to tell you—he wished that Death and Hell might soon overtake us, and be damned to all eternity : and if we were any time on this earth he prayed perdition might catch us, and render us the living examples of undutiful Children—I trembled at her relation, and said, what a scene must you have gone through, shall we never be at ease—must we continually be tormented by these disturbances—  
 what

what shall I say in this letter that I must send him directly—Shall I tell him the whole truth, and beg him to be silent, and that I will marry you soon, or something to this purpose? she answered she thought it would be best; therefore I wrote the following letter.

*October 7th, 1772.*

S I R,

**T**O give you a positive answer, we are not married; now you are at liberty to wreak your vengeance on us both; cruel, cruel Man! had you answered your Daughter's request more fatherly than you did that night, by giving your assistance instead of denying it, I should have kept as a secret what has passed



passed between us, and all might have been well, but since my word will not do, and you thus forcibly insist on an answer, you see what will be the consequence——If now you make a disturbance, it will not be to your credit——your hatred we must expect—but it will be best for you to be silent——and rest satisfied that I tell every body we are married.

Take notice, Sir, I did not steal your Daughter away, she came to me of her own accord——she chusing rather to live with me, than with an unkind Father.——Though we are not at present married—I shall make her mine when she is of age—that is my resolution in recompence for her fidelity.

JOHN RAMBLE.

P. S. Silence will be best for us all : an answer——if you please.

We waited for one, full of doubts and fears—the person who carried the Note came back, and said there was no answer: we directly went out, dreading the worst might happen, and rambled about with aching hearts, uncertain of being long together, now the truth was out. ——— We knew no method to avert this storm: at last we came to this resolution, to return home and not to part tamely, but persevere to the last minute in convincing each other and our cruel separators, that Death is preferable than absence from each other's arms— And if, in spite of all our efforts, we should be torn from each other, she said, no place shall hold me, if I have power to get away; and at last if I find it impossible ever to see you again, Death shall soon convince my hard hearted parents, that I only lived for you—  
having sworn eternal faith and constancy

to each other, we in a melancholy mood returned home ; it was about dusk—— we found nobody had been after us.—— About eight o’Clock some one knocked at the door, They are now come, we both cried—Oh what shall we do ——I said to her, now my Nell, I will convince you how much I love you, and if we are torn from each other, it shall not be until your Ramble is deprived of every effort to prevent it. Thus resolved I went unto the door, and opened it, and in came Mr. Donaldson, he was alone—he begged to speak to us both, and said, Mr. Macpherson has sent me to tell you, that he is surpris’d at your sending him such a letter, and that you must be mad—however, as it is as it is, get married as soon as you can, and there will be fifty pounds for you : Mr. Macpherson will go to Bath this Evening, but the mother will pay the money——I finding that the  
fa-



ther had told (what he ought to have kept eternally a secret) to this person, and imagining me so mean as to accept of fifty pounds to make up *this affair*—it provoked me beyond measure——had he come himself, and asked me to marry his Daughter, and that he would be our friends, I would have scorned to have done otherwise then immediately to make amends for all, without any consideration—but to send to me this bribe, and discovering our secret to Mr. Donaldson, who, had he considered, would not long have kept it from being blown all over the Town, and that for the sake of fifty pounds I should marry her. These considerations made me give this answer——Sir, you may tell Mr. Macpherson, that his fifty pounds shall not bribe me to marry his Daughter——I would rather make her mine a thousand times, than accept his profer'd sum, I scorn it  
— and

—and since he has been so unguarded as to reveal the secret of his Daughter's dishonour, he must not be offended if I decline his fifty pounds, and not mention when will I marry her, but I will do it, that he may rest assured of.——

Well, said he, I don't know what to say to you. Then addressing himself to Nell —do you consent to be with him, had you rather live with him in this wicked manner than with your Parents.——Yes

Sir, she answered, and will never leave him while I can be with him.—Well, says he, I find you both alike, I will tell Mr. Macpherson what you both say,——but Sir, I returned, don't you think he had better be quiet, and let the affair remain silent, and wait till I fulfil my promise, than to make it public, and bring shame and ruin on us all. True, he replied, I think it will be best—I shall endeavour

deavour to persuade him so—and may we soon have a happy wedding day.

He left us. After this we heard no more from them—and imagining they had intirely done with us, we began by degrees to lay aside our fears, and gave ourselves up to all the pleasures that such an union of hearts like ours could enjoy— A continued scene of happiness and industry passed before us. To allay the fatigues of business, I at intervals played on my Guittar, and read some entertaining book to divert us—— Now and then taking a chearful walk; generally once a Week we went to the Play—these were the only diversions we ever took, not desiring any others, determined to live *only for ourselves* —— I never went out to visit any one, except on particular business, and if our acquaintance called to see us (as our marriage

age



age was spread every where) to wish us joy, and all that customary nonsense, I both by her will and my own, seemed rather not to regard them, that we might not be put to the trouble of receiving them; therefore they used to return baulked in not being able to satisfy their curiosity.—— Think not reader I should behave so to those I thought my real Friends, no, —— but certain they could have no other view but to laugh and sneer at such young beginners as we.

—— Whenever I was going out for two or three hours, how would my Nelly hang on me, and wish *I would not go*. O, my Ramble, would she cry, I cannot bear you out of my sight a moment, for when you are from me a thousand fears torment me, and make me wretched. — For this endearing behaviour of hers, I was as little from home as possible —— I now was blest indeed. —— I was satisfied

fied beyond my utmost hopes — O happy me — I had now no wish beyond my little Cot ; for there I found love, content, and my charming Nelly ever studious of my ease and happiness — At times I am apt to be melancholy, and speak but seldom, a heavy languor dwells upon me, and I sigh grievously ; all this from no particular reason — it is an unwelcome disposition that Nature has given me, but there is no one without some disagreeable quality in their composition — such was mine ; and when I chanced to be under this heaviness of the Soul, my Nelly would fondly take me in her arms, and with every loving kind effort, endeavour to sooth my troubled thoughts. I formed a little plan, that once a Week Nelly should stand, for me to draw after her Figure, no less charming than her beautiful face — I considered it would improve me prodigiously in drawing

ing

ing the naked Figure, I made her sensible of the advantages it would be to me in my business, and she without a reply *consented* — the second drawing I made from her I shall present a copy to the publick as an example of grace, beauty, and a willingness of one Woman to obey the wish of those they really loved and honoured.

Think not that this condescension of hers was owing to the least immodest desire. — No — it is rather a proof to the contrary, for then we behold the emblem of fair truth and innocence in its natural form, as when our Mother Eve appeared to the ravished sight of the enraptured Adam.



ing the naked figure I made her kneel.  
All of the advantages it would be to me  
in my business and the without a reply  
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raptured Adam.

35162  
Taken From the Life October 29<sup>th</sup> 1772.



MISS MACPHERSON

*In the Character of one of the Graces,  
Sacrificing at the Altar of  
VENUS.*





It was now near six Weeks we had been together, and I found not the least allay of her love and constant endeavours to please — her humour exactly fitted mine : happy when I was so, and miserable when I chanced to sigh — there was nothing left in her disposition that I could find fault with — her original stubborn behaviour insensibly had left her, and she remained — what shall I say ? — is there any appellation sufficient to express her merit — if I may without being guilty of speaking profanely, call her — a Heaven ! and such a one that I should never wish to enjoy any beyond it — \*Twas now I began to think of putting my promise of marriage in execution. The taunts and sneers of the World, if it should be known I had at last married my mistress, I despised. Having got over this struggle, I was considering a proper time when I should bring it about. — But fate, envying  
our

our happiness, levelled one of the most deadliest blows at us, and put an end to all our joy and felicity at once. — My heart bleeds at remembrance of what I am going to relate.

O reader! if thou hast a tender Soul, sympathize with me; and, as you read, pity a wretch like me. — Remember with moderate anger my great fault in ruining Nelly, and delaying to marry her till now. — Call to mind the delicacy of marrying a Girl too soon after the loss of her honour. Forget not what proofs, I have given all along of a faithful unchangeable passion for her — and last of all, think on this dear Charmer — this Nell, this mirror of her sex for beauty, love and sweet behaviour — then will you with a mournful Eye of pity and forgiveness read one of the cruellest misfortunes that ever happened to us, that ever Beasts in  
the

the shape of humane creatures could perpetrate.

So unexpected — so unlooked for, and I think I may say, unmeritted. — There may be some unfeeling Wretches cry, it were just, it were punishment too small for crimes like theirs. — But I will rather think such cruel thoughts cannot harbour in Christian Bosoms. — My fault I own was great — was sinful, but not unpardonable, not deserving the usage it has met with. — I will now begin the recital, and may each generous Soul who can lend a pittyng sigh to what they read, be blessed with such a happy lot as my dear Nell and I enjoy'd. I think I cannot wish them a better Fate.

Nelly of late was subject to frightful Dreams, full of dreadful misfortunes which happened to us. — The last  
Night



Night she lay within my Arms, about the yawning time, that horned Visions crowd into Distempered thoughts — and I in a wakeful extacy of Joy lay pondering on my blessed fortune — and being sensible of what I held so nigh my Heart. ——— She awoke in a terrible fright, crying, they shall not tear him from me, they shall not kill us. O my Ramble, help, help; I was much surprised at this exclamation, and asked her what was the matter, ——— O Ramble, she answered, what have I been suffering. I dreamed my Father came and found us in each others Arms ——— he had several ill-looking people with him, they took hold of us, and endeavoured to part us, my Father swearing we should be put to Tortures too shocking for conceit ——— I know not how it was, they could not part us — which so enraged my Father, that he drew out a dreadful Sword  
and

and cursing and blaspheming us to the Pit of Hell, made a thrust to run us both through — this so frightened me that I awoke — and am blest beyond measure now, that it was but a dream. — O! my love I said, and pressing her to me — banish these sad ideas, we are yet together, and yet happy — however this is a horrid dream — I hope it portends no similar harm to us. — Sure Heaven had not thus forewarned us, what too soon followed? but it was too late to put in practice what this dreadful dream had made me resolve on, to marry her the next Week, and put an end to all our fears at once. The same evening we went to the play ; as we were going down the Park talking of the strange events that we had known, she said, (little imagining how soon her suggestions would come to reality) that if we ever were parted from each other for any long time ;

time ; were she to meet me in the dark, she should immediately know me by my touch — I well remember this Evening we enjoyed the *union* of each others company more forcibly than ever we had before — The last *task* of joy was then — O never to return — nothing but misery to succeed, and render life for ever wretched. — Yet still amidst these gloomy thoughts of sorrow, — one little ray of pleasure will always in some measure lighten the burthen of my woes, which is — I once was blest — I once was in possession of a Heaven. — I once, tasted the *first* joys an Angel of a Woman could bestow. — These reflections for a time, will make me think all my sufferings cheap in comparison of that once *happy time*.

The following afternoon as we were busy about our several employments,  
wholly



wholly unapprehensive of danger; we heard a knocking at the door.—Now I must observe that Nelly, when engaged in the work of the house, used to be dressed after this fashion—Next to her shift (for it was seldom I could prevail with her to put on her stays) she wore a white silk waistcoat of mine, over that a red flannel one, and then a blue jacket, made from a coat of mine, a round eared cap, and on her feet slippers. I should not descend to these particulars did it not serve to account for what has since been said about this dress.

I went and opened the door, and a strange woman, with a most forbidding look, enquired whether Mrs. Ramble was at home. I asked her what business she had with her—she said, she should be glad to see her—that she came from her Mother's, and her name was

I

Drulin.

Drulin. ——— I went to Nelly and told her the message — she directly changed countenance, and cried --- I wont see her, she is a poor relation of mine, I never lik'd her --- what can she want with me ——— I answered, do not be uneasy, go to her ——— never mind your dress ——— I suppose there is some particular message from your mother. ——— She went and took her into the fore parlour. After some time Nelly came to me, crying, and said her father was dying — her mother was to go to Bath this Night to see him ; therefore she must go to her mother directly — what answer must I give this Woman : why, I replied, tell her you cannot go before the evening --- I do not chuse you should go without me, and as I have no opportunity to go with you till 8 o'Clock (as I teach this evening) ——— Nelly wished I would go and inform her so — I did ---  
this

this Mrs. Drulin finding I would not let Nelly go at that time, said, it is very well, I will now go see for a coach — we shall expect you in the evening. I told her she might rely on our coming — Nell expressed great joy for her absence, for while they were together she had abused her prodigiously for going in that dress — we were surpris'd at her father's illness — A short time after this, the woman came back again, saying, she could not get a coach but had given a boy some money to get her one, and as it rained, begged I would let her stay until it came. I having not the least suspicion of any scheme on foot, consented — I ask'd her into the back parlour, where we chatted some time about indifferent matters, whilst she every now and then would go into the fore parlour to see if the coach was come. — At last she went to the street door and let in Mr.

M'Clack



M'Clack (an uncle of Nelly, whom I spoke of in the second part of this book) who after asking Nelly how she did, begged likewise to speak to her — I even now had no idea of any ill going forwards — Nelly came to me and said, her uncle insisted upon her going directly — I urged all that was in my power to them, that they might let her stay until the evening, but in vain — M'Clack at last said, if I would not let her go by fair means, he had proper people to force me to it — It was now my eyes were opened — I now saw the meaning of Mrs. Drulin's message to Nelly — and I was sensible I had no right to stop her — my situation — I answered them, let us dress ourselves and we will go now — No, cried this Mrs. Drulin, she shall go alone, and in this pickle, to let the World see how you use her — O thou villain to ruin this innocent girl — I begged of her  
to

to be calm, and not make the situation of our connexions public, and I would do any thing that they would chuse. No you Dog, she cried, since you have not married her, we will have her from you this moment. — You shall kill me first I replied — Nelly instantly clinging round me, and screamed out, And me too before you part us — Then they began to use violence by beating our arms, and using all their force, I not being able to defend myself, she having me clasp'd within her arms. — Our noise brought down the people from above — who would have assisted us had not this Devil Drulin, with her Serpent tongue, roared out, touch us not, at your peril be it — she is my daughter, and this villain Rumble has got a wife and three children — which stopped them from giving their succour ——— In vain we called for aid ——— no one to help us ——— at last a young

young Gentleman came in whom I taught  
 to draw, he seeing our situation, seized  
 the Scotchman by the collar, and might  
 have done us great service — had not  
 this devil of a Woman repeated her in-  
 fernal lies again, which made him desist.  
 It was now I grew desperate, so that I  
 had no presence of mind to confront these  
 furies of hell sent to part us —  
 At last they got us asunder — our arms  
 being benumbed by continual beating.  
 M'Clack, by a violent blow, drove my  
 head against the wall, which brought me  
 to the ground, and before I could reco-  
 ver myself again, he got Nelly in  
 his arms, and run out with her. The  
 Devil Drulin plac'd herself against the  
 parlour door to stop my following them,  
 but I at last got her from her station and  
 run after my ravished treasure : when I  
 got to the street door, I there beheld  
 M'Clack dragging my poor Nell along  
 the



the ground to get her into a coach, which stood at a little distance — she calling out in all the agony of despair and love for her Ramble to help her. — There was a fight — O horrid ! beyond bearing. — My female fury followed me, and laid hold on me, and before I could disengage myself M'Clack had got Nelly in the coach ; I, all fury and madness, rushed towards the coach, and had got my right leg and thigh, and part of my body in — Nelly laid hold on me, and cried, O let him come with me — have pity on us. — M'Clack being above me, beat me on the head, and stamped on my thigh, till at last I dropped on the pavement deprived of motion, and before I recovered they drove away.

I had not the presence of mind to tell any one to follow the coach, though numbers of people were assembled, and  
eye

eye witnesses of this cruel scene. Whether surprize, or not having feeling sufficient to give us any assistance, I know not——but not one made the least motion to help us——while I was striving to get into the coach, I offered some guineas, which I had pulled out of my pocket, to any person who would but push me into the coach — but it was all in vain ; neither her piercing cries, or my begging for aid could prevail. Thus was she torn from me —— thus was I left hurt most cruelly — thus was I left unpitied for my fatal loss — every one departing as if nothing had happened — The people of my house took me within doors, and by degrees brought me to myself — then was I sensible of my situation. Where is my Nelly, I cried, where have they taken her --- but nothing shall hinder me from seeking after her, and in spite of the pain I at present feel from the usage I have

have met with, I will instantly go and find her. But alas ! whither shall I go. Where hope to meet with her : my pre-faging soul tells me, I never shall see her more — I took the young Gentleman with me who came in at the beginning of the fray — we went to the mother's — the maid was standing at the door, — I told her what had happened -- she expressed great surprise, and said she knew nothing at all of the affair — they had not brought her there—the mother had just gone out in a violent hurry, but where she could not tell. Finding I should learn nothing from her, I departed, but told her, if she heard where Nelly was, to come to morrow and tell me, and I would reward her handsomely. ... I now returned home to give vent to the anguish of my heart. What did I suffer ! ——— The pain from the bruises which I had got, and the loss of my dear



Nelly, being uncertain what they might do with her, made me suffer each variety of torment that Hell could inflict. Oh, I cried, by this time, they may have kil'd her; she struggling to the last, and receiving a continuation of the treatment I had been an unfortunate witness of, made me conclude, if they did not end her, they would drive her to madness.—O the horrors this dreadful night gave to my distracted senses --- a thousand different ideas of my Nelly's sufferings presented themselves to me. Alas! where was my dear love --- my sweet companion to fill these desolate arms — where was my comforter to bid peace to my tortured soul — ah where indeed — O Heaven! I cried, have pity on us, and restore us to each others sight, or else take this being, too hateful for mortal bearing. This train of shocking thoughts would certainly have drove me to some fatal deed,

deed, had not hope presented itself to  
 me in all its flattering forms, that yet I  
 might be happy — but that was a feeble  
 power to charm my mind to ease  
 ——— however it drove all dismal  
 purposes away, which at first filled my  
 fancy. — Thus did I pass the night, so  
 much unlike the former — Oh that was  
 a pang which cut me to the soul — Now,  
 may the cruel wretches, if such be, that  
 glory in my distresses — now may they  
 say, I have met with my deserts — I for-  
 give them — nay I pity them for being  
 unable to feel the Godlike attribute of  
 sweet mercy with those tender minds who  
 can sympathise with a wretch like me  
 — to them I look for soft condoling com-  
 passion — and in spite of the ills I have,  
 not through badness of heart, been guilt-  
 y of, speak the words of peace; and  
 comfort, and endeavour to mitigate my  
 sorrows — to them I cast a wishful eye of  
 hope,

hope, that they may feel for poor unhappy Ramble.

The next morning, being unable to stay at home, I went out to pour forth my griefs to some few friends, who expressed the utmost abhorrence at my recital, but they were unable to give me comfort. ————— In the afternoon I returned home, I found the Mother with a man, had been there to demand her cloaths, which I left in readiness when she should send for them — I went out again and returned late in the evening — they had fetched away the cloaths — and left the things Nelly had on when she was taken away — I observed there was not the silk waistcoat she used to wear next her shift ----- that surprised me.

The



The next morning Mrs. Macpherlon came — she was alone — as soon as she saw me, she thus began. O thou villain, is all your vows and protestations come to this ; not contented with ruining my poor girl, but you, while she was with you, told every one you were not married ; and after that she was taken from you last Friday, you went with a pack of black-guards and raised a mob in the market, and like a madman vowed revenge on me, whom you have already injured so much—But I am come to ask you now once for all, will you marry my daughter,— she wants to know.

Her accusation was so foreign to any thing I had either said or done, and her haughty manner of asking me whether I would marry her daughter or not— her tearing the girl from me, and making every thing public, I could not that instant

stant give consent to what she demanded  
 — Very few, without having the highest  
 love and regard for a girl like Nell, now  
 made known to all the world, would  
 have the least thought of marrying her  
 — I gave this reply, let me see your  
 daughter and I will answer her—No, you  
 base perfidious wretch, you never shall  
 see her more—may every plague and  
 punishment light on you. After this  
 manner she gave vent to all the  
 native fury of her soul — she left me —  
 What was I to do now ? I could fix on  
 nothing : all that day was my mind di-  
 vided between love and honour, one  
 time I determined in spite of all the dis-  
 grace attending it, to go and marry Nelly  
 — in an instant my resolution was  
 turned a contrary way — honour ap-  
 pearing to my sight, and bidding me be-  
 ware taking a harlot to my bed —  
 However the next day—love triumphed,  
 and

and I resolved to go and offer marriage—  
 let what would be the consequence  
 But being taken ill from what I had continually suffered, I was obliged to keep my bed, and had no opportunity of sending to Mrs. Macpherson till the next day, which was a note to the following purport.

Ma'am, I have that to propose to you, will make us all happy, from

J. RAMBLE.

When I sent this, I never imagined but I should meet with a ready compliance to what I desired.

The answer was — she could not leave her business to come to me — all I could do was too late—her daughter was gone where I should never see her more; and were she here this instant, I should

not



not have her — This surprised and shocked me beyond every thing — Who would have had the least idea, that a mother would have refused the happiness of a Child, and restore her to virtue and the man she loved? — she that was so entirely led by religion, to fall into a resolution so evidently different to the dictates which it teaches — Sure she must only wear the cloake of it to veil some enormities that she daily is guilty of, else she could not be so uncommonly unnatural as to turn a deaf ear to what I offered — This made me grow wild — and am I then to leave my Nell at last, I cried, — no hopes of seeing her — no stratagem in my power to effect it. I now began to repent my not, at any rate, taking the mother's haughty offer on Sunday morning — however I determined to try every mean that could be thought on to do my Nelly right, and convince the World  
that

that I was not wholly to blame for what I had done, since I would leave no stone unturned to restore my dear Nell to virtue and happiness, by marriage—Notwithstanding my present illness I got up and went to the mother's—I found her in the shop, writing a long letter, which I supposed was an account of the whole affair to the father at Bath—she rose up at seeing me, and asked me, what *I wanted*, I answered, to speak with her—she seemed willing—and as we were going towards the parlour, the pleasures I had often enjoyed there with my lost Nell, rushed into my memory, and I burst into tears—She at this started back, and cried — begone, I will hear nothing that you can say — those Crocodile tears shall never deceive me again — I will not listen to your false deluding tales. — I replied, you shall hear me — I come to offer marriage to your daughter,  
and

and instantly will put my promise in execution — No, she answered, it is too late — why did you not, when she was with you those six weeks of her dishonour and our shame — but were she now in this room, kneeling, and with every protestation joined with yours, begging for forgiveness, I would tear you again from each other; and while I had the power to keep you asunder, you should both perish under disappointed love and despair as a proper punishment for crimes like yours.—I replied, since I now make the offer of marriage I shall clear myself of Nelly's ruin, and since it meets with your refusal, the World shall now judge who is most to blame, you or me—you will not listen to my just proposals, perhaps your husband may.—She said, you may do as you please---therefore begone---you have no business here, as for your silk waistcoat it shall be sent this afternoon.—I went  
from



from her with a heavy heart — the silk waistcoat being so long unsent after the other cloaths she had on, made me imagine they might have killed her; she, poor creature, willing to keep this remains of her Ramble as long as her strength lasted; and the mother, so contrary to all manner of reason, refusing my offer, served the more to strengthen the opinion that she must be dead.

I must inform my reader, the next day after she was taken from me, as I was coming by the stand of coaches at Buckingham Gate, a thought entered my mind that they must have had the coach from this place, and if I found the coach, I might get intelligence where she was carried — I enquired of several of the coachmen whether they had taken up any people thereabouts the preceding evening, mentioning the affair of the riot at the  
same

same time—they all were strangers to my account — at last one of them recollected that a man dressed in green came and took a coach which belonged to the city, and in about an hour afterwards returned, when they heard screams within the coach, which made them stop it to know the meaning of what they heard—They received for answer, that they had got a mad-woman whom they were carrying to Bedlam — this satisfied them, and the coach drove on—The description they gave of the man who hired the coach, I knew to be the uncle, therefore this account served still more to heighten my misery—What my dear injured girl must have suffered — all this joined with the circumstance of the waistcoat and the mother's refusal, must lead any one to believe my Nelly, must have paid too dear for her fault with me.

I shall

I shall here present a copy of the letter I sent to the father the same day I had been so ill treated by the mother.

*London, Tuesday November, 11th 1772.*

S I R,

Not hearing from you after Mr. Donaldson had been with me the last time, I thought it excessive odd — therefore I waited till last Friday, still hoping I might hear from you — when there came one Mrs. Drulin and a brother of yours without proper officers, and forced Nelly away in a most barbarous manner, and used me villainously in my own house — It is needless to say I was wretched beyond description — Your wife came to me on Sunday morning, and began cursing me, in an unheard of manner, and said, her daughter

ter



ter wanted to know my resolution, whether I would marry her or no — I answered let me see your daughter, and then I will answer her — Upon which she said, I never should see her more, and so went away bestowing every curse that is possible to blast a miserable being — which so surpris'd and provoked me I had no power to answer her.

The next day I resolv'd, in recompence to your daughter for my ruining her, to marry her, I having no opportunity of sending to your wife, or going myself, being taken very ill, until this morning, when I sent to let her know I would do all in my power to make her happy — I received for answer, I never could make her or her daughter happy, that she had sent her away where I should never see her more, and was glad she got rid of us both — You may imagine the surpris

I was

I was in at receiving this answer — I directly went to her myself, and told her I was come to make her daughter happy by marrying her — I received much the same answer as before. — By thus informing both you and her of my intentions, I shall clear myself in the eyes of the World, and then they may judge who is most to blame — I own myself much in fault in doing as I have done, but by saying I will marry her now, — I do every thing that justice can require. — Sir, you I hope will restore your daughter to virtue and happiness, or else she will be blasted for ever, and disgrace brought on your family — If you turn a deaf ear upon what I say, you will make me miserable and your daughter so, for ever — Consider, sir, I have been in union with her ever since April 4th. I say once more, I will marry her — Your answer to this will determine

mine several *harms* which may happen to us all——Consider well. From the

Unhappy

JOHN RAMBLE.

P. S. An answer directly——if you despise this (as I think you *cannot*) *it is consenting* to your disgrace and unhappiness.

My home, which so late I found a blessing beyond what this world could afford, was now turned to my greatest curse——therefore I took lodgings in St. Martin's lane——not being able to bear a place which put me so much in mind of pleasures past.

I imagined if I waited on Mr. Donaldson, who was so very intimate with Mr. Macpherson



Macpherson, and who had taken some pains in making up the breach when I first told the father we were not married, he would be a likely person, to bring things about again —— but he was more incensed, if possible, than the mother —— You will never see her more, he cried, she is sent to a Convent, where she will repent at leisure her vile abominable sin — But I hear Sir, I answered, she is very ill from the treatment she met with when taken from me—So much the better, he cried — the sooner she is dead, the sooner her parents may reckon themselves happy — were she my daughter, I would with pleasure see her dead at my feet ; your offer of marriage will make no recompence —— she is a whore and nothing can be done in this World to regain her honour —— therefore the sooner she is in her grave, the father and mother may rejoice. — O Sir, I replied,

K

can

can you really be so cruel, as to mean what you now speak,—you did not, when you came with the offer of fifty pounds, think our crimes so very unpardonable then—but I have wrote to Mr. Macpherson—he may have some feeling—I am sure he will not, he answered, listen to any thing that you can urge—I shall take care to give him a proper sense of your crime, in ruining a poor young creature ——— Stop Sir, I replied—remember you yourself, not long ago, have been guilty of this offence which you rail so much against—you that have a wife—and at these years too—you I think should not be quite so irritated at this great sin, as you term it—nay more, Sir, Mr. Macpherson has been no stranger to the like transgression. — Nonsense, he said, you are mistaken. No, Sir, I went on—I am not, Nelly informed me, and she knows the affairs of your family and her own

too well to mistake; she did, while she was with me, recount all the transactions of her parents and your lives—not much to your credit—which were they made known, would let every one see you are not the honest valuable characters you all pass for among your acquaintances——He made very little defence to this, but resumed his exclamations of cruelty, and so I left him, knowing it to be in vain to move his heart, when the misfortunes of his own wretched children had not been able to do it. The father sending no answer to my letter, I waited with impatience his coming to town, when I intended to wait on him with a relation of mine, a person of credit, that the affair might be properly settled——In the mean time I was continually informed of stories about Nelly's being otherwise than what I thought her——One was, she had sent for her uncle to  
take



take her away, as disliking her situation. Now that suggestion destroys itself—for had she inclined to have left me, she need not have had recourse to such a violent method—Another, that she was gone into Scotland to her relations—Another, to a convent in France—Another, that she was gone into keeping with some lord, by her consent and the parents likewise; they concluding, if she must be a whore, to be one for something—and that sooner than wish to have me, she would die first—for that I had used her ill, by making her work, never letting her go out—keeping her always in the dress which she had on when she was taken from me—my making her lay on the floor—nay, that I starved her—and a thousand other such little calumnies, which any impartial person must see from what quarter they came——The parents must give some reason for their acting in the manner they did.

did.——All these stories had no effect on me, being sensible to the contrary. I was convinced that these flashes of spite, arose from a very natural cause, the parents revenge—and an excuse for their conduct.--The only thing that staggered my faith was--her silence--but I recollected it might be out of her power to write to me, I give that suggestion *over*--the affair of the silk waistcoat, must account for all—she must be dead!——It will come to light one time or other, the true state of this affair—and if I found she was sacrificed for her fault, I resolved within my mind to do her justice—I would revenge her injured shade—I put on black to let the World see (in spite of malicious stories to the contrary) that I mourn her loss. But I might say with Hamlet,

I've

I've that within, which passeth shew ;  
 These are but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

The only consolation I had was music, its power would raise a mournful pleasure, suitable with grief, like mine —I wrote a Cantata, and two Airs, alluding to my unfortunate situation, and set them to Musick, which I shall here present, wishing they may be acceptable to my tender hearted readers.

## CANTATA.

### RECITATIVE,

She's gone ! for ever gone, the girl I love,  
 And left me now to mourn ; each heart 'twill move,  
 To pity an unhappy Swain like me,  
 Whose heart is torn, with doubts and misery.

### AIR,

Ah ! must these eyes no more behold  
 That lovely face, which gives me pain,  
 And never more my love enfold  
 Within these longing arms again.

R E-



## R E C I T A T I V E.

Why do I wish for what will ne'er be mine;  
 It is in vain to grieve, and thus to pine;  
 For unrelenting *hands*, by nature cruel,  
 Would sooner to my grief add fresh fuel,  
 And see, with pleasure, ruin on us light,  
 And death to end us, they'd glory at the sight.

## A I R.

Come, then, e'ery plague that's dire,  
 And cease my tortur'd brain;  
 I rave, I burn, I'm all on fire;  
 Come death, and rid me of my pain.



## A I R. I.

Hark! the dismal sound of yonder bell,  
 Doth rend my soul; I think on Nell—  
 Each toll it gives doth strike my mournful heart,  
 And e'ery thing that moves, doth make me start.

O! Doubt, the plagues thou spreads around,  
 In my poor breast, they all are found;

For

For her my life depends on, is away,  
 And whether constant, false, ah! who can say.  
 She may be happy, wretched, or no more,  
 Then e'er shall I her dear loss deplore.



## A I R II.

O mourn my heart! for ever mourn,  
 With poignant sorrow, be it torn;  
 No joy come near, but misery,  
 While her I love is far from me.

When Mr. Macpherson arrived in town, I, and my relation waited on him directly—he saw me, he flew into an excessive rage, and pushed me from him, wondering how I durst come into his presence—I told him, to have this affair settled—He would not hear any thing, but begged I would leave him instantly. My relation told me to go and wait for him while he spoke to Mr. Macpherson—I obeyed him, and waited near an hour before my relation came to me. I asked him

him what he had done? He informed me it was just as it was, Mr. Macpherson would give no answer to his demand, which was, Whether I should have his daughter or not. He said she was gone too far to be recalled—it was all too late, and much to this purpose; and concluded, that his daughter, though he were ever so agreeable, would not have me.

Upon this refusal, I gave up all hopes that I ever should have Nelly by the parents consent.

I now resigned myself to every grief that her loss could affect me with.—Nothing but time, I was sensible, could determine this mysterious affair—and though I continually heard some story detrimental to her faith, I yet could not give way to believe, in truth, that she was really so abandoned as so soon to forget all her solemn vows and protestations, and



every tie of love, honour and gratitude. She will, when a few years has made havock in her deluding charms — and her admirers cease to flatter, think of her vile usage towards such a credulous wretch as me——which would form a hell within her mind, and witness against her to damnation— But I have too firm and unchangeable an opinion of her truth and innocence; and which, until I am convinced by ocular demonstration to the contrary, I shall ever persevere in.— My acquaintance, who are not directly acquainted with the true story, will not believe that I ever made proposals to the parents to marry the girl, for if I had, they could never deny so reasonable a request. Had they either love, nature or pity towards their child, they could not hesitate to embrace the opportunity of

of my offer, to restore her to their sight and make her once more an honest woman.

Indeed, the generality of people are surprised I should make the offer at all, after my having her so long, and it being made so public—but alas! they knew not how much she deserved that recompence from me, but upon reading this book they will soon change their opinions, and lament with me for my unfortunate loss, which never can be recompenced in this World—the next may.

If she, now, within a dreary Cloystered Cell, pines away her wretched hours—If she, while frightful spectres, formed by her tortured fancy, appear before her streaming eyes, think of her cruel fate and her absent Ramble.

**If**

If she, when the hollow bell tolls her to the grave of some departed unhappy girl like her, says—Ah soon shall I become a sheeted tenant of such a place as this—thus deprived of my Ramble's fond bosom to lay my drooping head on. Can my cruel parents doom me for ever to this melancholly religious sanctuary, where no joy is found, where nothing reigns but wasting grief and care, which preys on my declining health, and will soon bring me to the fate they think I merit. But Oh! they sure have forgot, when in their youthful days, how much they loved——Could they but call to mind those pleasing sensations, they might then pity their poor, lost, undone, dying Nelly——Love was my fault—and must I then be deprived of my Ramble, liberty and life, for this one crime?—I am more to be pitied than blamed, it was Nature's transgression, I could not withstand it——

How



How could I? I then must have been more than mortal. Ah, I now am sensible of my approaching fate, a lingering, painful, horrid death—Here must I bid adieu to all the world, unattended and unpitied, no one to bid peace to my fleeting soul. While I am hovering between life and death, this thought will make me feel a Hell, (before the Heavenly disposer of all things decrees my future state of happiness or misery) to know my parents will say, her death is a just punishment for her offence. Oh what is my dear Ramble destined to, perhaps he may have fallen a sacrifice to their fury, and paid dearly for his pleasures with unhappy me; or else become a prey (so well I know his heart) to all the horrors of his losing me; which will soon reduce him to a condition like mine. These unbearable suggestions will haunt me to the other World.

I trem-

I tremble with continual torment as I drag my feeble limbs under these gloomy witnesses of my grief, to think of what is in store for me.

Where are all my fancied scenes of happiness, which I fondly thought would for ever last, within my Ramble's arms? and now—oh! miserable change—I taste the bitterness of every woe.

I feel my soul subdued—and my debilitated frame submits itself to the attacks of gastly Death—which, as all hopes of Ramble are at an end, I will welcome ——— and while my sister sufferers chaunt their daily song, my soul shall fleet away to the realms of endless peace, if to such I am decreed. Yet Oh, I am afraid, in spite of my heavenly abode, I shall be unblest without my Ramble.

If thus she says————O charming faithful girl — may you, if death should be your lot, gain the crown of joy you merit—and your Ramble shall never fail to offer up his praises and adorations to you, his lovely saint; Morning and evening will I devote to meditate on thee, and casting up my eyes to Heaven there fondly imagine I see my Nelly sitting in a cloud, adorned in a robe of innocence and virtue, pitying her prostrate votary. And if life should long keep me a wanderer on this Globe of earth—I now swear, I resign every joy there is in it, or Woman can bestow. Recollection of never to be matched joys which with thee I tasted, shall dwell on my mind, and turn my thoughts from earth to thee alone—I will look upon you as my departed wife, a Martyr to truth and me—And if I, like the common herd of men, forget you—may I never



ver reach to heaven and thee; but be plunged in sight of thy blessed situation, to everlasting despair. But if, on the contrary, this Eleanora Macpherson should be the reverse to what my fancy has dressed her in, and she is now within the arms of another, revelling out the guilty hours in wanton luxury; and enjoying a state of affluence at the price of her faith to me: if she is so highly placed in Fortune's lap, she will find but little time to think on what is to come—There one eternal round of pleasure guards each avenue leading to the thoughts of my humble love and fortune—She may perhaps, when tired and satiated with riot and debauchery, chance to remember there was once such a being as Ramble. If she should have such a disagreeable intruding thought visit her vitiated fancy, she may deign with scorn and contempt to pity the wretch she has undone.

If

If such is her situation at present, a time will come with stinging remembrance, when her enamorado, palled with a repetition of her betraying charms, which he then will call to mind was gained through interest, not unbiassed love, and being sensible he had not the gathering the bud of beauty, which is some tye on the risers mind ; he then, with new born eyes, will see how much he has been a dupe, a tool, to her deluding wiles, and her native soul will appear before him, deformed and ugly. Then will he, wondering at his strange infatuation, turn her to the fate she merits, scorn and a change of fortune.—Mayhap another will be found to retrieve his loss, in some measure, but his duration will be short, soon discovering her soul, her composition *soul deceit*.—And from him to another, —thus tossed by every wind of sickly passions of each emaciated rake or wretch

wretch that chuses to purchase her favours, till at last disease, beggary, want, and wretchedness, makes an end of the once lovely Eleanora Macpherson ;—unlamented by all.

For this supposition may every one forgive me : I own it is cruel and unnatural that I could imagine the World had in it such a monster—but her silence, and having heard for truth that she was in keeping, gave birth to such ideas, so generally allied to situations like hers—may she, in reading this book, pardon my thus publicly exposing her to the world. Thus being continually tormented with what may be her fate, and willing to clear myself of the malicious aspersions laid to my charge in this affair ---and desirous to give a proof how I loved and do at present, and what I would do if in my power, to retrieve her honour,  
and



and to lay before the publick the uncommon incidents which have appeared throughout this book, and give example to every one, of the unheard of cruelty and behaviour of Scotch parents---happy in not saying, English parents--are the reasons which induced me to write this book. I hope the youthful part of my readers will not blame me too much for exposing Nelly's character before I know she really deserves it; but they being sensible how very needful the publication was to redeem in some degree my lost reputation, and give a proof what man and woman can do, when they love.

And may each fond parent forgive me for what I have done, having never intentionally offended, and remember my endeavours to do every thing to make all whole again, that justice could require.

Like-

Likewise, may the people who claim Scotland for their birth not be irritated too much against me, but call to mind, how much I have suffered by their countrymen.

And last of all, may the too censorious Critic pass with a gentle eye of candour over the variety of errors, which I unavoidably have been guilty of in the writing this book, and think me led on by no tow'ring ambition to commence author—but to redeem my honour----express my love--and shew the World that extraordinary incidents happen sometimes in a middling state of life.



**F I N I S.**